THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty may be indulg'd.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE CAPTAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

AMONG the brave men, who perished in the glorious struggle for the independence of America, captain Nicholas Biddle holds a distinguished rank. His services, and the high expectations raised by his military genius and gallantry have left a strong impression of his merit, and a profound regret that his early fate should have disappointed so soon the hopes of his country.

Nicholas Biddle was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 10th day of September, 1750. His father, Mr. William Biddle, was a native of New Jersey, son of William Biddle one of the first settlers and proprietors of that state, from whom he inherited a very large fortune, which his losses in trade, and the engagements of suretyship for a friend had greatly reduced. His mother was the daughter of Nicholas Scull, Esquire, who was, for many years, surveyor general of Pennsylvania, and of these worthy and respectable parents he was the sixth son.

The subject of this memoir very early in life manifested his partiality for the sea, and before the age of fourteen he had made a voyage to Quebec. In the following year, 1765, he sailed from Philadelphia to Jamaica, and the Bay of Honduras. The vessel left the Bay in the latter end of December, 1765, bound to Antigua, and on the second day of January, in a heavy gale of wind, she was cast away on a shoal, called the Northern Triangles. After remaining two nights and a day upon the wreck, the crew took to their yawl, the long-boat having been lost,

and with great difficulty and hazard landed on one of the small uninhabited islands, about three leagues distant from the reef, upon which they struck. Here they staid a few days. Some provisions were procured from the wreck, and their boat was refitted. As it was too small to carry them all off, they drew lots to determine who should remain, and young Biddle was among the number. He, and his three companions, suffered extreme hardships, for want of provisions and good water, and although various efforts were made for their relief, it was nearly two months before they succeeded.

Such a scene of dangers and sufferings, in the commencement of his career, would have discouraged a youth of ordinary enterprise and perseverance. On him it produced no such effect. The coolness and promptitude with which he acted, in the midst of perils that alarmed the oldest seamen, gave a sure presage of the force of his character, and after he had returned home, he made several European voyages, in which he acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship.

In the year 1770, when a war between Great Britain and Spain was expected, in consequence of the dispute relative to Falkland's Island, he went to London, in order to enter into the British navy. He took with him letters of recommendation from Thomas Willing, Esquire, to his brother-in-law captain Sterling, on board of whose ship he served for some time as a midshipman. The dispute with Spain being accommodated, he intended to leave the navy, but was persuaded by captain Sterling to remain in the service, promising that he would use all his interest to get him promoted. His ardent mind, however, could not rest satisfied with the inactivity of his situation, which he was impatient to change for one more suited to his disposition.

In the year 1773 a voyage of discovery was undertaken, at the request of the Royal Society, in order to ascertain how far navigation was practicable towards the North Pole, to advance the discovery of a north west passage into the south seas, and to make such astronomical observations as might prove serviceable to navigation.

Two vessels, the Race Horse and Carcase, were fitted out for the expedition, the command of which was given to the honourable captain Phipps, afterwards lord Mulgrave. The peculiar dangers to which such an undertaking was exposed, induced the government to take extraordinary precautions in fitting out, and preparing the vessels, and selecting the crews, and a positive order was issued that no boys should be received on board.

To the bold and enterprising spirit of young Biddle such an expedition had great attractions. Extremely anxious to join it, he endeavoured to procure captain Sterling's permission for that purpose, but he was unwilling to part with him, and would not consent to let him go. The temptation was, however, irresistible. He resolved to go, and lay-

ing aside his uniform, he entered on board the Carcase before the mast. When he first went on board, he was observed by a seaman who had known him before and was very much attached to him. The honest fellow thinking that he must have been degraded and turned before the mast in disgrace was greatly affected at seeing him, but he was equally surprised and pleased when he learned the true cause of the young officer's disguise, and he kept his secret as he was requested to do. Impelled by the same spirit, young Horatio, afterwards lord Nelson had solicited and obtained permission to enter on board the same vessel. These youthful adventurers are both said to have been appointed cockswains, a station always assigned to the most active and trusty seamen. The particulars of this expedition are well known to the public. These intrepid navigators penetrated as far as the latitude of eighty-one degrees and thirty-nine minutes, and they were at one time enclosed with mountains of ice, and their vessels rendered almost immovable for five days, at the hazard of instant destruction. Captain Biddle kept a journal of his voyage, which was afterwards lost with him.

The commencement of the revolution gave a new turn to his pursuits, and he repaired, without delay, to the standard of his country. When a rupture between England and America appeared inevitable, he returned to Philadelphia, and soon after his arrival, he was appointed to the command of the Camden galley, fitted for the defence of the Delaware. He found this too inactive a service, and when the fleet was preparing, under commodore Hopkins, for an expedition against New Providence, he applied for a command in the fleet, and was immediately appointed commander of the Andrew Doria, a brig of fourteen guns and a hundred and thirty men. Paul Jones, who was then a lieutenant, and was going on the expedition, was distinguished by captain Biddle, and introduced to his friends as an officer of merit.

Before he sailed from the Capes of Delaware, an incident occurred, which marked his personal intrepidity. Hearing that two deserters from his vessel were at Lewistown in prison, an officer was sent on shore for them, but he returned with information that the two men, with some others, had armed themselves, barricadoed the door, and swore they would not be taken, that the militia of the town had been sent for, but were afraid to open the door, the prisoners threatening to shoot the first man who entered. Captain Biddle immediately went to the prison, accompanied by a midshipman, and calling to one of the deserters whose name was Green, a stout resolute fellow, ordered him to open the door, he replied that he would not, and if he attempted to enter, he would shoot him. He then ordered the door to be forced, and entering singly with a pistol in each hand, he called to Green, who was prepared to fire, and said, "Now Green, if you

do not take good aim, you are a dead man." Daunted by his manner, their resolution failed, and the militia coming in, secured them. They afterwards declared to the officer who furnishes this account, that it was captain Biddle's look and manner which had awed them into submission, for that they had determined to kill him as soon as he came into the room.

Writing from the Capes to his brother, the late judge Biddle, he says, I know not what may be our fate: be it however what it may, you may rest assured I will never cause a blush in the cheeks of my friends or countrymen. Soon after they sailed, the small-pox broke out and raged with great violence in the fleet, which was manned chiefly by New England seamen. The humanity of Captain Biddle, always prompt and active, was employed on this occasion, to alleviate the general distress, by all the means in his power. His own crew, which was from Philadelphia, being secure against the distemper, he took on board great numbers of the sick from the other vessels. Every part of his vessel was crowded, the longboat was fitted for their accommodation, and he gave up his own cot to a young midshipman on whom he bestowed the greatest attention till his death. In the meanwhile he slept himself upon the lockers, refusing the repeated solicitations of his officers to accept their births. On their arrival at New-Providence it surrendered without opposition. The crew of the Andrew Doria, from their crowded situation, became sick, and before she left Providence, there were not men enough capable of doing duty to man the boats; captain Biddle visited them every day, and ordered every necessary refreshment, but they continued sickly until they arrived at New London.

After refitting at New London, captain Biddle received orders to proceed off the Banks of Newfoundland, in order to intercept the transports and storeships bound to Boston. Before he reached the Banks, he captured two ships from Scotland, with four hundred highland troops on board, destined for Boston. At this time the Andrew Doria had not one hundred men. Lieutenant Josiah, a brave and excellent officer was put on board one of the prizes, with all the Highland officers, and ordered to make the first port. Unfortunately about ten days afterwards he was taken by the Cerberus frigate, and on pretence of his being an Englishman, he was ordered to do duty, and extremely ill used. Captain Biddle hearing of the ill treatment of lieutenant Josiah, wrote to the admiral at New-York, that however disagreeable it was to him, he would treat a young man of family, believed to be a son of lord Cranston, who was then his prisoner, in the same manner they treated lieutenant Josiah.

He also applied to his own government in behalf of this injured officer, and by the proceedings of congress on the 7th of August 1776, it appears, "That a letter from captain Nicholas Biddle to the Marine committee, was laid before congress and read, Whereupon *Resolved*, That general Washington be directed to propose an exchange of lieutenant Josiah for a lieutenant of the navy of Great Britain: That the general remonstrate to lord Howe on the cruel treatment lieutenant Josiah has met with, of which the congress have received undoubted information." Lieut. Josiah was exchanged after an imprisonment of ten months. After the capture of the ships with the Highlanders such was captain Biddle's activity and success in taking prizes, that when he arrived in the Delaware he had but five of the crew with which he sailed from New London, the rest having been distributed among the captured vessels, and their places supplied by men who had entered from the prizes. He had a great number of prisoners, so that for some days before he got in he never left the deck.

While he was thus indefatigably engaged in weakening the enemy's power, and advancing his country's interest, he was disinterested and generous in all that related to his private advantage. The brave and worthy opponent whom the chance of war had thrown in his power, found in him a patron and friend, who on more than one occasion was known to restore to the vanquished the fruits of victory.

In the latter end of the year 1776, captain Biddle was appointed to the command of the Randolph, a frigate of thirty-two guns. With his usual activity he employed every exertion to get her ready for sea. The difficulty of procuring American seamen at that time obliged him, in order to man his ship, to take a number of British seamen, who were prisoners of war, and who had requested leave to enter.

The Randolph sailed from Philadelphia in February 1777. Soon after she got to sea her lower masts were discovered to be unsound, and in a heavy gale of wind all her masts went by the board. While they were bearing away for Charleston, the English sailors, with some others of the crew formed a design to take the ship. When all was ready they gave three cheers on the gun-deck. By the decided and resolute conduct of captain Biddle and his officers, the ringleaders were seized and punished, and the rest submitted without further resistance. After refitting at Charleston, as speedily as possible, he sailed on a cruise, and three days after he left the Bar, he fell in with four sail of vessels, bound from Jamaica to London. One of them called the True Briton mounted twenty guns. The commander of her who had frequently expressed to his passengers his hopes of falling in with the Randolph, as soon as he perceived her, made all the sail he could from her, but finding he could not escape, he hove to, and kept up a constant fire, until the

Randolph had bore down upon him and was preparing for a broadside, when he hauled down his colors. By her superior sailing the Randolph was enabled to capture the rest of the vessels, and in one week from the time he sailed from Charleston, captain Biddle returned there with his prizes, which proved to be very valuable.

Encouraged by his spirit and success the State of South Carolina made exertions for fitting out an expedition under his command. His name and the personal attachment to him urged forward a crowd of volunteers to serve with him, and in a short time the ship General Moultrie, the brigs Fair American, and Polly, and the Notre Dame were prepared for sea. A detachment of fifty men from the first regiment of South Carolina Continental infantry was ordered to act as marines on board the Randolph. The regiment was then commanded by colonel, now general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who, with his officers and soldiers would have done honour to any service. Such, says our informant, himself a gallant officer of that regiment, was the attachment which the honourable and amiable deportment of captain Biddle had impressed during his stay at Charleston, and such the confidence inspired by his professional conduct and valour, that a general emulation pervaded the corps to have the honour of serving under his command. The tour of duty, after a generous competition among the officers, was decided to captain Joor, and lieutenants Grey and Simmons, whose gallant conduct, and that of their brave detachment, did justice to the high character of the regiment. As soon as the Randolph was refitted and a new mainmast obtained in place of one which had been struck with lightning,* she dropt down to Rebellion Roads with her little squadron. Their intention was to attack the Carysfort frigate, the Perseus twenty-four gun ship, the Hinchinbrook of sixteen guns, and a privateer which had been cruizing off the Bar, and had much annoyed the trade. They were detained a considerable time in Rebellion Roads, after they were ready to sail, by contrary winds and want of water on the Bar for the Randolph. As soon as they got over the Bar, they stood to the eastward, in expectation of falling in with the British cruizers. The next day they retook a dismasted ship from New England; as she had no cargo on board they took out her crew, six light guns and some stores, and set her on fire. Finding that the British ships had left the coast, they proceeded to the West Indies, and cruised to the eastward, and nearly in the latitude of Barbadoes for some days, during which time they boarded a number of French and Dutch ships, and took an English schooner from New-York

* After this accident, he used a conductor, the novelty of which at that time, excited much attention.

bound to Grenada, which had mistaken the Randolph for a British frigate, and was taken possession of before the mistake was discovered.

On the night of the 7th of March 1778, the fatal accident occurred, which terminated the life of this excellent officer. For some days previously, he had expected an attack. Captain Blake,* a brave officer, who commanded a detachment of the Second South Carolina regiment, serving as marines on board the General Moultrie, and to whom we are indebted for several of the ensuing particulars, dined on board the Randolph two days before the engagement. At dinner captain Biddle said, " We have been cruizing here for sometime, and have spoken a number of vessels who will no doubt give information of us, and I should not be surprised if my old ship should be out after us. As to any thing that carries her guns upon one deck, I think myself a match for her. About 3 P. M. of the 7th of March, a signal was made from the Randolph for a sail to windward, in consequence of which the squadron hauled upon a wind, in order to speak her. It was four o'clock, before she could be distinctly seen, when she was discovered to be a ship, though as she neared and came before the wind, she had the appearance of a large sloop with only a square sail set. About seven o'clock, the Randolph being to windward hove to, the Moultrie being about one hundred and fifty yards astern, and rather to leeward, also hove to. About eight o'clock, the British ship fired a shot just ahead of the Moultrie, and hailed her, the answer was the Polly of New-York, upon which she immediately hauled her wind, and hailed the Randolph. She was then for the first time discovered to be a two decker. After several questions asked and answered, as she was ranging up along side the Randolph, and had got on her weather quarter, lieutenant Barnes of that ship called out, " This is the Randolph," and she immediately hoisted her colors and gave the enemy a broadside. Shortly after the action commenced, captain Biddle received a wound in the thigh and fell. This occasioned some confusion, as it was at first thought that he was killed. He soon however ordered a chair to be brought, said that he was only slightly wounded, and being carried forward encouraged the crew. The stern of the enemy's ship being clear of the Randolph, the captain of the Moultrie gave orders to fire, but the enemy having shot a head, so as to bring the Randolph between them, the last broadside of the Moultrie went into the Randolph, and it was thought by one of the men saved who was stationed on the quarter deck near captain Biddle, that he was wounded by a shot from the Moultrie. The fire from the Randolph was constant and well directed. She fired nearly three broadsides to

* This gentleman is now President of the State Bank of South Carolina.

the enemy's one, and she appeared while the battle lasted, to be in a continual blaze. In about twenty minutes after the action began, and while the surgeon was examining captain Biddle's wound on the quarter deck, the Randolph blew up.

The enemy's vessel was the British ship Yarmouth of sixty-four guns, commanded by captain Vincent. So closely were they engaged, that captain Morgan of the Fair American, and all his crew thought that it was the enemy's ship that had blown up. He stood for the Yarmouth, and had a trumpet in his hand to hail and inquire how captain Biddle was, when he discovered his mistake. Owing to the disabled condition of the Yarmouth the other vessels escaped.

The cause of the explosion was never ascertained, but it is remarkable that just before he sailed, after the clerk had copied the signals and orders for the armed vessels that accompanied him, he wrote at the foot of them, "in case of coming to action in the night, be very careful of your magazines." The number of persons on board the Randolph was three hundred and fifteen, who all perished, except four men, who were tossed about for four days on a piece of the wreck before they were discovered and taken up. From the information of two of these men, who were afterwards in Philadelphia, and of some individuals in the other vessels of the squadron, we have been enabled to state some particulars of this unfortunate event in addition to the accounts given of it by Dr. Ramsay in his History of the American Revolution, and in his history of the revolution of South Carolina. In the former work, the historian thus concludes his account of the action: "Captain Biddle who perished on board the Randolph was universally lamented. He was in the prime of life, and had excited high expectations of future usefulness to his country, as a bold and skilful naval officer."

Thus prematurely fell at the age of twenty-seven, as gallant an officer as any country ever boasted of. In the short career which Providence allowed to him, he displayed all those qualities which constitute a great soldier. Brave to excess, and consummately skilled in his profession, no danger nor unexpected event could shake his firmness, or disturb his presence of mind. An exact and rigid disciplinarian, he tempered his authority with so much humanity and affability, that his orders were always executed with cheerfulness and alacrity. Perhaps no officer ever understood better the art of commanding the affections as well as the respect of those who served under him: if that can be called an art which was rather the natural effect of the benevolence and magnanimity of his character.

The virtues of his private life endeared him to a numerous circle of friends. With the frankness and manliness of character, which eminently belong to the officers of his profession, captain Biddle united

other qualities of much more rare occurrence. The most amiable mildness and modesty of manners, a strict and rigid temperance, and a strong habitual sense of his religious and moral duties. A sincere Christian, his religious impressions had a decided and powerful influence upon his conduct. Even his native courage was heightened by the reflection, that in the discharge of his duty, all personal consequences were to be disregarded. His temper was uniformly cheerful, and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In his person he was about five feet nine inches high, remarkably handsome, strong and active. Before he left Charleston, he was engaged to be married on his return, to a young lady of that place.

Among the tributes paid to the memory of this interesting young officer at a period recent to his loss, we are happy to notice particularly, a spirited poem by Mr. Freneau, whose works are too popular to render its insertion here necessary.

By the numerous living witnessess of his worth, and extraordinary promise, his memory is cherished with peculiar fondness and it will ever be respected by the brave and the patriotic.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE IV.——ON QUANTITY.

GENTLEMEN,

THE arts of reading and of public speaking require, as an essential qualification in those who exercise them, the correct and invariable observance of proper accent, emphasis, quantity, pause, and tone. The two former of these have been discussed; I now, therefore, proceed, in order, to consider the latter.

And first of Quantity.

Quantity is the word generally adopted by grammarians to express the relative length of syllables. Those which pass off rapidly are called *short*, those in the utterance of which the voice is evidently retarded, are called *long*. This twofold division has generally been accounted sufficient for use, though considerably removed from strict accuracy. On a more careful examination, syllables denominated short, are discovered to differ greatly from

each other; and those which are called long, appear to be by no means equal in length.

The groundwork of the general distinction is formed by the nature of vowels, which are all capable of being pronounced with a longer or a shorter sound. When the vowel which a syllable contains is to be uttered with its short sound, the syllable itself may be accounted short: when the vowel is long, the syllable containing it, cannot but be long also: but though the governing part be the vowel, some retardation of the voice will be occasioned by the concurrence of consonants. If we consider every consonant in a syllable as requiring some time, however little, for its articulation, it will follow, that every syllable, excluding the consideration of its vowel, must increase in length according to the number of its consonants.

Upon this principle we may readily form a table of the gradation of syllables, from the shortest of the short, to the longest of the long. In such a scale the very shortest of all syllables will be such as consist of a single short vowel connected with a single consonant; as ă, ĕ, ĭ, in ăb, ĕd, ĭt. The longest of those containing a short vowel, will be that in which the vowel is encumbered with the greatest number of consonants, as in stăff, sprăt, strănds. The shortest of the long syllables will consist of a single long vowel preceded by a single consonant; as, ā, ē, as in bā, hē; and these will proceed by the same steps as those of which the vowel is short, till the long vowel appears in its turn loaded with as many consonants as can possibly be pronounced with it.

The ancients, who observed that a greater stability is given to syllables by consonants *following*, than by consonants *preceding* the vowel, considered those syllables as long, in which the vowel stood before two consonants; even when that situation was accidental. Thus the same vowels were long or short, as they were placed before consonants, or before a vowel.

A fortunate mixture of long and short sylables, thus considered, enabled the ancients to employ a species of metre, which has not ever been imitated, with any success, in modern languages. In treating therefore of Quantity in English, we may consider merely the length and shortness of vowels, which, as to quantity, is all that materially affects our pronunciation.

Mistakes in Quantity are not uncommon: it is therefore very material that the rules of our *quantity* should be ascertained, and that it should be defined in what situations every vowel ought to have its long, and in what its short sound.

With respect to the spelling of words, and their proper division into syllables, the rules in the orthography of Murray's larger grammar, are the clearest, most concise, and comprehensive of any elsewhere to be found.

The principal rules for the just observance of Quantity are as follows, viz.

1. A vowel followed by a consonant in the same syllable, is short; as, băt, tĕstify, kĭll, ŏrgan, bŭtler.

2. A vowel which ends a syllable in an accented penultimate (or syllable before the last) is long; as, *bācon, gēnus, trīfle, cōgent, potāto, decōrum.*

3. A mute *e* subjoined to a single consonant, generally makes the preceding vowel long: thus, *hăt*, becomes *hāte, mĕt, mēte*, &c. But if more consonants than one precede the *e*, the vowel before them remains short, as, *fĕnce, bŭlge, gĕrme.*

4. A vowel in an accented antipenultimate (or last syllable but two) though not followed by a consonant in the same syllable, is short; as, *grătify, ĕditor, ŏrigin.* N. B. The vowel *u* is not affected by this rule; as, *lūcubrate, pūberty, stūdious*, the *u* in *stŭdy* being short.

5. Compounded and derived words usually preserve the quantity of the primitive; thus, *cōgency* from *cōgent, pŭnishment* from *pŭnish.*

6. Diphthongs are naturally long, except *oo*, which has its short sound like a single vowel, as *good, wood, foot, book, cook*, &c. It is liable to some irregularities, being sometimes pronounced like long *o*, as in *door, floor*, &c. and sometimes like *u* short, as in *blood, flood*, &c.

7. A vowel which terminates a word, if it be accented, is long, as, *abā, shē, whereby;* and, if unaccented, short; as, *cŏmmă, epĭtomĕ, shăbby*, &c.

8. A vowel in an unaccented syllable is usually short; as, *dĕ-nŏunce, régŭlar*, &c. Such are the general rules of English quantity: yet such, it must be confessed, is the irregularity of our language, that many exceptions are to be found to each. The common, or usual definition of quantity is, that time which is occupied in pronouncing a syllable: and it is considered as *long* or *short.* A vowel or syllable is long when the accent is on the vowel; which occasions it to be slowly joined in pronunciation with the following letters; as *fāll, bāle, mōōd, hōuse, feāture.*

A syllable is short, when the accent is on the consonant, which occasions the vowel to be quickly joined to the succeeding letter; as, *ărt, bŏnnet, hŭnger*

With respect to the composition of verse, or prosodaical quantity, it is to be observed, that most writers on the prosody of our language have deduced their rules from the Latin and Greek. It must appear, however, strange to people devested of classical prejudices, that the prosody of a living language should be formed upon that of a dead one.

With regard to a living language a man has nothing to do but to listen with attention, to be able in a very short time to judge with tolerable accuracy of the length of simple sounds. But with regard to a dead language it is surely not easy for any one to judge exactly of the quantity of those syllables, concerning the articulation of which almost every nation differs both in opinion and practice.

It is indeed a very proper, as it is the only way of judging of the quantity of a syllable in a dead language, to deduce it from the part it bears in the metre of their poets. But as the harmony of English numbers doth not depend altogether on the quantity of its metrical feet; so it is absurd to think of deducing the length of the particular syllables composing them, merely from

the place they occupy in the verse. Dr. Johnson, in the grammar prefixed to his dictionary, tells us that accent and quantity in English versification is the same. Such has also been the opinion of some other writers. In this opinion, however, I cannot concur, as will appear from the observations already made.

The beauty and harmony of English numbers, as has been already observed, do not depend solely one the disposition of long and short syllables: for it is very certain, that *accent* supplies the place of *time* in English verse; that is, a short syllable accented hath the same force, and supplies the same place in a foot as a long accented one. It doth not hence follow, however, that the *length* or *time* of syllables, should be neglected, or considered as the same thing as emphasis or accent. For, as to syllables naturally short, no accent or emphasis can possibly make them long: what emphasis or accent, for instance, can possibly convert the syllables *wĕl, răp, sŏp*, into *weel, rape, sope?* Again, what force of *accent* or *emphasis* can give the monosyllables *and, band, stand*, the same length as the last syllable in *command?* The length of the unaccented short syllables in a verse, depends entirely on the time allotted for the longest emphatical word in the verse or sentence, the length and loudness of every other word in that sentence being greater or less in proportion to the degree of significance and importance, which it bears in relation to such principal word or words. And though according to the established rules of Latin and Greek prosody, certain species of verse require a certain number of syllables in each line, it certainly is an inharmonious and vitious custom in reading English verse, to confine the metre to a certain number of syllables, pronounced long or short, just as their position in the verse, or the emphasis of the sentence may require. Now, that heroic verses, consisting of five Iambic, or alternately short and long syllables, would be more *even* or *regular* is certain; but they would not be *harmonious* to a correct English ear.

That versification consists, according to the common definition, in the arrangement of a certain number and variety of syllables according to certain laws is true; but that the English heroic measure is not always to be confined to a *certain* number of syllables is also true. In proof of which I shall quote some few lines to show that an heroic verse is not confined to a certain number of syllables, and, at the same time to give as full a demonstration, that though the accent doth sometimes supply the place of time, in forming the measure, yet that it cannot always do so to the exclusion of time, without destroying the propriety, beauty, and harmony of the numbers.

There are no less, for instance, than fourteen syllables in the first, and twelve in the last of the following verses:

> "And many an amorous, many a humourous lay,
> "Which many a bard had chanted many a day."

And yet there is not one that can be spared in the harmonious repetition of

those lines. The vitious custom of contracting our syllables, in order to reduce them to the standard of five accented and five unaccented, would make us read these verses in the manner following:

And man'yan am'rous, man'yan hum'rous lay,
Which man ya bard had chanted man ya day.

Than which contractions, and neglect of the natural length of the syllables composing these verses, nothing could be more inharmonious and barbarous. Again, we have a similar example in the following verse:

The wounded bull,
Roar'd bellowing, whilst rebellowing rang the woods.

If accent may always supply the place of *time*, and the harmony of the verse depends on a strict adherence to *accent* we must necessarily read the verse thus:

The wounded bull,
Roār'd bĕll'wĭng, whilst rebell'wing rang the woods.

On the other hand, if the harmony of verse principally consists, as I conceive it does, in the consonance or affinity which the words of such verse bear to their meaning, or in their propriety or aptitude to express that meaning, we should certainly find it in giving every syllable of this verse its full sound and natural length, thus,

"The wounded bull
"Roar'd bellowing, whilst rebellowing rang the woods.

The discerning and judicious hearer will not only infer, from these examples, the necessity of making a distinction between accent and mere time, but also the necessity of carefully attending to both; the one being no more to be neglected in reading with propriety than the other.

It is indeed possible to write Iambic, Trochaic, Hexameter, and every other species of ancient verse in English; but while emphasis and accent have so great a share in the composition of our numbers, a bare attention to the length of syllables, would make but very lame and very imperfect verses. Hence, though in reading the heroic measure in blank verse, the principles of harmony require the observance of the final pause at the end of each line, yet too slavish an observance of the *classical* mode of scanning by long and short syllables, and the exact modulation of feet and measure, would produce such a degree of mechanical stiffness, as would not only effectually destroy the proper harmony of the verse, and just expression of the sentiment, but render it altogether disgusting to an English ear, being so diametrically opposed to the genius and idiom of our language.

All speech naturally divides itself into *long* and *short* syllables. Whatever language we speak, or whether it be *quantity* or *accent*, that we attend to in

it, we pronounce some syllables with more rapidity than others; and the art of versification universally consists in the disposition of long or short syllables according to some rule. In some kinds of verse indeed there is more latitude than in others, but an utter inattention to the length of the syllables would quite destroy the harmony of any versification, or of what in English supplies the place of them, accented and unaccented syllables.

The regular disposition of the long and short, or accented and unaccented, syllables, necessarily divides every verse into certain distinct portions or *feet*, and the *classical* harmony of a verse is most distinctly perceived when these portions or *feet* are marked by what is called scanning a line, or distinctly marking those feet by the voice; because then the regular disposition of the long and short syllables or accented and unaccented syllables, in which the essence of verse consists, is most evident.

The harmony of *prose* does not depend upon any *regular return* of long or short syllables, or accented and unaccented syllables, for that would constitute it *verse*, but is consistent with any disposition of long and short syllables, that are easy to pronounce, and at the same time express the sense. Very many long syllables coming together, make a style rough and heavy; and many short syllables have likewise a disagreeable effect, because there is nothing to support the voice, and for want of that it is apt to hurry on, and embarras itself. For this reason people who are inclined to stammer, find great difficulty in pronouncing many short syllables together: as would be the case in the following sentence:

"The doctrine which he principally preached, I apprehend to be erroneous, and of a pernicious tendency."

Those single words are the most agreeable to the ear, in which the long and short syllables are the most remarkably distinguishable, because they contain the greatest variety of sound. This excellence we perceive in many polysyllables, as *rapidity*, *impetuosity*, *independent*, *administration*, &c. On the same principle; in constructing language so as to form a discourse, a uniform observance of either the style *periodique*, or the style *coupé*, would soon fatigue the ear; but by a due intermixture of both, be the subject what it may, the ear is gratified, and consequently the mind more willingly informed.

Pauses must also be carefully attended to in the reading of prose as well as verse; and since the voice must rest, it is convenient and proper that provision be made for its resting at proper intervals. But having dwelt so long upon Quantity, I must reserve the discussion of that branch of our subject, for my next Lecture.

EPISTOLARY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Copy of a Letter from the justly celebrated Dr. Beattie to a gentleman in this city who transmitted to him the certificate of his election into the American Philosophical Society.

Aberdeen, 12th December, 1786.

SIR,

I HAD the honour to receive your letter about six weeks ago, together with the diploma. I was then confined by a severe illness, which has proved very tedious, and of which I have not yet got the better. This will serve as an apology for my long silence.

And now, sir, when I sit down to write, I am really at a loss for words to express the warmth of my gratitude to you, and the high sense I entertain of the very great honour done me by the American Philosophical Society. If circumstances would permit, I should be happy in an opportunity of crossing the Atlantic, and returning my thanks in person. But, that not being in my power, I must satisfy myself with assuring them by letter, that I shall, to the end of my life, retain a most grateful sense of their goodness, and (which I know they will look upon as the best return I can make for it) endeavour, to the utmost of my poor abilities, so to promote the cause of Truth and of Good Learning as to prove myself not altogether unworthy of their friendship. To be connected with so respectable and learned a society, is a circumstance which I can never cease to reflect upon with most particular satisfaction.

I must beg you will present my humble respects and most affectionate compliments to the illustrious and venerable president,* and the other learned gentlemen, whose subscriptions do me so much honour. May their labours for the improvement of the human mind, and the advancement of human happiness be ever successful. Though, for the wisest purposes no doubt, Providence has so disposed affairs, that I cannot now have the happiness to call the Citizens of the United States of America my fellow subjects, I must ever love them as my brethren, and rejoice in their prosperity.

I have the honour to be, with the most perfect regard and esteem,

Sir,

Your ever-obliged and most faithful servant,

J. BEATTIE.

DR. RUSH.

* Dr. Franklin.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The annexed letter has degenerated into a kind of essay, and yet remains a very imperfect aggregate of desultory ideas on a subject well deserving to be fully treated by an abler hand. If, notwithstanding, you should think it not unworthy of a place in your magazine, you have my consent for its publication.

I remain, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

E. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MAN CONSTITUTIONALLY MORAL.

I HAVE read with much attention, and a considerable degree of interest, in the first number of your valuable magazine, the paper signed *Analyticus*, calling in question the correctness of the opinion of the celebrated Adam Smith, in conceiving sympathy to arise from the power of imagination, which causes us involuntarily to participate in the pains and pleasures of others, and in considering this sympathy as the basis of our moral sentiments.

Mr. Smith has not, it appears to me, established his idea with all that precision and force of argument of which it is susceptible, nor followed it through its various ramifications, but it is so fertile in useful rules when applied to society, and it leads to so many interesting reflections, that I think it of the utmost importance its truth should be generally felt and acknowledged.

To supply what Mr. Smith has omitted; to throw light on what he has left obscure, or to finish those parts of his system which he has only sketched—is a task which I presume not to undertake, nor could it be attempted in a paper destined for your magazine; but I may be permitted, perhaps, to examine a little the solidity of the objections of your correspondent, which, I hope, he will be the more disposed to receive in good part as the signature he has adopted seems to invite rather than to repel a rigorous scrutiny.

Your correspondent admits, that imagination is necessary to excite sympathy, for, he says, without bringing home the situation of another to ourselves we can form no conception of his sensations, and we cannot be influenced by what we cannot conceive; but, he continues, this power of the imagination, which brings home the situation of others to ourselves, does not appear sufficiently to explain *why a conception of the existence of certain feelings in another should awaken emotion in us*. He admits that imagination causes the *conception* of the feelings

of another; but he does not see why this conception should be likewise productive of emotions, of fellow feelings, and therefore he thinks the explanation of Adam Smith deficient.

I see a man who is undergoing torture in the hands of the executioner; I see how his nails are torn off, one by one, with an instrument contrived for that purpose; I see how the muscles of his face are convulsed; how he is writhing with pain and anguish—that it is the power of the mind, denominated imagination, which enables me to form a conception of the sufferings of this poor wretch *Analyticus* admits, but he is at a loss to comprehend why I might not remain perfectly cool and composed at the sight, unless the Author of our being had implanted in my breast another distinct, independent power, which is called *sympathy*.

This, therefore, is the point in which he differs from Mr. Smith. Both seem to agree that *sympathy*, that the painful or pleasurable feelings excited in ourselves by the affections of others, are the cause of our *morality*—because it is to allay these painful feelings in *us* that we fly to *their* relief, as we are impelled to make *them* glad by the pleasing reaction of their gladness on *our* own sensibility. But with Adam Smith this sympathy is the necessary result of our imagination, which involuntarily makes us change place with the object affected, and excites affection in ourselves; while with your correspondent, it is an *implanted, distinct* power. For though he agrees that imagination causes conception, yet this bare conception, he thinks, cannot cause emotion.

This difficulty, however, would have vanished, if *Analyticus* had paid some attention to the *laws of association*, which act so important a part in our physical as well as moral economy, and without a due consideration of which, every attempt to form a just idea of man, and to explain his nature must prove unsuccessful.

It is certainly true, that there exists no essential connexion between our ideas and the emotions excited by those ideas, no more than between these letters and the sounds they express, or these sounds and the things they represent. If there were an essential connexion, the ideas and corresponding emotions must be inseparable, which is by no means *always* the case, though they will *generally* accompany each other whenever what I should like to term the regular, the *standard reciprocity* of thoughts and feelings in an individual has not been interrupted or changed by the operation of unusual circumstances.

When a child for the first time sees blood issuing from a wound in the arm of a third person, without hearing groans, or perceiving the expression of pain in the face of the wounded or the bystander; or at a period of life before it has learned to understand the meaning of groans

and contorted features—this sight of blood will be amusing to the child, because novel; or, if not amusing, at least equally indifferent with the sight of any other unknown liquid. With the same pleasure, on account of novelty, or indifference, it will behold the blade of a cutting instrument: no feelings have, as yet, accompanied these ideas; no associations have, as yet, been formed in its mind. But, when the child for the first time wounds its own finger, and blood appears, the *sensation of pain* will become connected with the sight of blood and of the blade of steel. If the same accident occurs frequently to the child itself or to others in its presence, after the child has learned to understand the tones and gestures of pain, the idea of blood and the sensation of pain will become *associated*, and this association, in individuals possessed of great sensibility, may acquire so great a force as to induce fainting from the mere sight. It will not be so with the blade of steel, because the same knife which cuts the finger will also divide an apple or a pye.

A child which never has taken rhubarb will not be otherwise affected by its smell than to find it rather disagreeable. Another, which has been obliged to take it frequently, will feel its stomach heave when within the atmosphere of the drug.

The sight of a boiled leg of mutton, of a peach, of a fine fat oyster will interest the organ of vision alone in those whose palates have never been affected by these things; but will invariably give an appetite, which is a presensation of their taste, to healthy and hungry individuals who have eaten them before.

To pursue this subject longer would be unnecessary. All our appetites and aversions, predilections and antipathies, the prevailing taste through life, the bent of disposition—are nothing else but the result of certain associations of feelings and ideas arising from frequent or constant coëxistence. Give me minutely the history of the first fifteen years of any man's life, and I know what he most probably will, what he almost inevitably must be, ever after. The power of female charms in some degree date from the mother's bosom. Our morals, and particularly our prejudices, often spring from our nursery. We are whimsical or sensible according as our associations are corresponding with or differing from those which have been admitted as *in order* by the mass of mankind.

The stronger and steadier the associations between certain ideas and emotions are in an individual the more he is possessed of what is called *character*. Uniformity of influence, uniformity of existence are therefore requisite to produce it. A man who was born at one place, educated at another, who frequently changed his company, his place of residence and his pursuits will hardly possess what is called a *marked* character; and a *national character* cannot, for a long time, be look-

ed for in the United States, settled by people from various countries, of various persuasions, various habits—where few men are stationary, where the local circumstances are so different in different parts, where every thing is constantly changing and shifting; where a butcher today finds himself a statesman tomorrow, and in a short time after returns to his stall.

Prejudices arise from associations between ideas and feelings formed previously to the acquisition of knowledge, and so firmly established that reason, at a later period, is unable to control them.

Hence strong heads are often extremely weak on certain subjects, and the way to cure prejudices is not to argue with them, but to break, by slow and persevering efforts, the old associations and to replace them with new ones.

Hence men, even the wisest and best, are mechanically operated upon, because it is impossible not to combine thoughts and feelings which we hear constantly linked together in conversation. The safest way, therefore, not to be mislead by those whose intentions we suspect is not to listen to them, and if we can succeed to place a person whom we wish to persuade in a situation in which he is obliged frequently to listen to what we are anxious he should believe the object is half accomplished!

Why does an Indian smile under tortures? why does many a hero in battle tremble at the sight of a snake? whence the thraldom, during the dark ages, of men of genius in the shackles of superstition? whence the force of amulets? whence, in all religions, the miracles of faith? whence a thousand phenomena otherwise inexplicable in the moral world but from the associations of certain emotions with certain ideas, arising from frequent or constant, accidental or artificial coëxistence!

That certain ideas will produce certain feelings and emotions with which they have become associated in consequence of such frequent or constant coëxistence; and that they will produce them the more positively the more this coëxistence has been uniform, is a fact of which, with a little attention to the subject, no one can remain doubtful. It is a little less obvious, though equally true, that sensations, in their turn, will produce the ideas with which they have become linked and associated by coëxistence, and this so forcibly, if the coëxistence has been *constant*, that the idea cannot be resisted though we know it to be erroneous!

In the natural and constant disposition of the fingers of my hand no small object which touches the outside of my second finger can touch the outside of my first. The sensation of contact with a small body at both the outsides of these two fingers *at once* is, therefore, from invariable coëxistence, associated with the idea of *two* objects. Now if I

cross my two fingers and roll between them, when crossed, a little ball of bread, I am astonished to feel *two* balls, and find that I cannot resist the idea of *two* though I well know there is but *one*. The reason is obvious. By the unnatural position of my fingers the one ball I roll is made to touch at once the two outsides of those two fingers, and to produce a sensation which, in the regular position of my fingers, could only be excited by *two* balls, and with which, therefore, the idea of *double*, of *two*, has become so firmly associated that it is reproduced by the sensation against my better knowledge and conviction.

In the natural position of my eyes—that is, with their axis of vision directed straight towards the object at which I look—the point A on the retina of my right eye has always been affected by the image of that object at the same time with the point B on the retina of my left eye. From the constancy of this occurrence the simultaneous affection of the points A and B in the two eyes has become so firmly associated with the idea of unity of object that we actually see an object only *single* though we see it with one eye as well as with the other. And again the simultaneous affection of any other two points of the nervous membrane in the two eyes, except the points A and B, produces the idea of *two* objects, in consequence of the some constancy of association, because in the regular position of the eyes a single object can only operate at once on the points A and B. The simultaneous affection of any other two points requires, therefore, more than *one* object. Now if I press my left eyeball out of its natural position while looking at the flame of the candle before me I see *two* flames. I cannot resist the idea of *two*, though I am well convinced it is erroneous, because it has become *forcibly associated* with the impression made *at once* on two non-corresponding points of the two nervous membranes. The same effect (seeing double) takes place in some fevers when the natural position of the eyes becomes changed in consequence of convulsive motions in the muscles of those organs. If the natural position or form of one eyeball has been permanently changed by an external injury, which yet has not destroyed the power of vision, the person so affected will see double for a length of time; that is, till the old associations become obliterated and new ones formed.

A similar observation may be made by confining our attention to one eye alone. In the natural state of things each object forms only one image on the retina. The idea of unity of object is therefore firmly associated with the sensation of unity of image, and the reverse. In consequence of this it happens that we irresistibly see the same object hundred and thousand fold, if, by looking through a polyhedral glass, we multiply on the retina the number of its images, though we well know the object is single. In the same manner, if, from accident the

cornea becomes polyhedral, persons so affected see for some time every single object manifold; but the correctness of vision, that is, of *just conception* of the objects whose images are felt on the retina, will be restored gradually with the formation of new associations!

What is language itself but an association between certain sounds, that is, certain sensations in the organ of hearing, and certain ideas, which in themselves have no sort of real connexion, but by constant factitious alliance have become so intimately linked together that it is absolutely impossible for me to have in my mind the idea of a plumb-pudding when my ear is assailed by the sound of dagger. And thus it happens that even my thoughts *sound* to my mental ear, though nothing is more certain than that the deaf-born, who thinks also, cannot think *thus*.

It would perhaps not be impossible to show the *how* and *why* of this intimate association between *sensations* and corresponding *ideas*, with which *motions* become connected in their turn; all arising from constant or frequent coëxcitement, in consequence of which they mutually reproduce each other. But for the present purpose it is sufficient to have established, or rather called into notice, the *fact*, of which some mechanical accomplishments, as, for instance, the execution of a difficult piece of music, exhibit striking instances.

The seeing of a series of notes, the idea of the harmony to be produced, and a set of corresponding rapid and precise evolutions with my fingers over the keys or cords of the instrument, are together an aggregate unit of effect which takes place instantaneously at the aspect of the paper, without the agency of perceptible deliberation or thought, and which could not be accounted for but from the laws of association.

All the magic of extraordinary dexterity and mechanical skill, from which, perhaps, even some mental operations, as writing poetry, or going through arithmetical calculations, should not be excluded, spring from these laws. In proof of this, the wish to excel often causes us to *do ill* what in common we perform without a fault, because the interfering thoughts in this case interrupt the habitual and correct play of associations. Hence a primary requisite in order to excel is calmness and confidence in ourselves.

In consequence, therefore, of this association between sensations and ideas either of the two excited will call forth the other, and hence I feel sympathy, that is, painful or pleasurable emotions, when the ideas with which those emotions have become associated, are awakened by the aspect of a third person, or the witnessing of an occurrence, or the account of an event, and these emotions will be the stronger the greater the number of ideas, linked with them, which are awakened at once.

I see across the street a man who is assailed by two others with clubs. I hear the report of the blows which reverberate from his skull. I see the blood run over his face; he screams; he staggers—the ideas which are awakened in me by these impressions are associated with emotions of pain, and therefore these emotions must be produced. They are so in fact, and, if no considerations, attended with emotions of a different tendency, check me, I shall run to interfere in order to get rid of this pain, if I may say so, *mechanically*, as I would jump forward to intercept a precious vase in falling, prompted by the anticipated pain of seeing it break to pieces.

I take a walk on the river side, and another scene occurs. A boat is bringing on shore the passengers of a ship just returned from the East Indies. Doubts had been entertained of her safety. The friends of the passengers and crew are on the wharf, and await with impatience the landing of the boat. At last she reaches the wharf. The passengers jump out; their friends fly to meet them; every eye sparkles; they embrace; they shake hands; all is pleasurable agitation—This sight conveys to my mind a certain train of ideas, and at the same instant a succession of delightful emotions, habitually linked with them, thrills through my nerves. I stop involuntarily. I gaze, and would not on any account have missed this scene. Were it in my power to produce similar scenes frequently I should do it for the gratification of beholding them.

Thus theatrical representations operate on our feelings through the medium of impressions on our organs of sense which convey ideas; and the effect is complete if all the ideas conveyed have a uniform tendency to awaken the same set of emotions. But if the age or personal appearance of the actor does not suit his character; if his attitude, his countenance, his gestures say one thing, while the words he utters impart ideas of a different nature; or if the objects which surround him on the stage are not compatible with his presumed situation, then the illusion is destroyed; that is, we are excited to a variety of heterogeneous emotions which mutually counteract and destroy each other and render us cold or disgusted spectators.

The perfect congruity of *all* the ideas conveyed is the more essential to produce illusion the *less* the interest excited by the whole. Therefore the strict observance of the three unities is of greater importance with dramatic authors of moderate talents than with those whose superior genius knows, by predominant ideas, thus to engage and to fascinate the audience as to leave them neither leisure nor capacity to observe minor inconsistencies.

It is owing to the same laws of association that an inferior actor, to whom we are accustomed, will often affect us more than another of

greater talents but new to us. The former has the advantage that his countenance, figure, voice, &c. have already become associated with emotions which he has often awakened before, and, therefore, awakens again with facility.

For the same reason, likewise, an actor whom we have generally seen in characters of a certain description will not readily succeed in *new ones*. When Mr. Harwood attempts Hamlet his task is difficult indeed, because his very aspect, from the generality of his performance, has become blended with emotions of cheerfulness.

It is likewise obvious why *grace* is an indispensable requisite to the complete effect of any kind of performance or exhibition, for grace is nothing else but *a harmonious tendency of the whole exterior towards producing the same emotion.* Provided therefore there is justness of proportion in the general form and a sufficient degree of suppleness and pliability, unconcern, and ease, and being totally absorbed by the subject, by the interest of the moment, will inevitably be attended with grace. Thus children are graceful, and people under the influence of passion. They equally forget themselves. Nothing discordant appears. Nothing that retards or checks an emotion once produced.

It is not in contradiction with the explanation given that grace often requires much previous study and application. What is studied are certain motions, attitudes, gestures, which have been generally found becoming and impressive. Grace more properly consists in the propriety of using them. Gestures and motions are acquired as the words of a new language; but after they have once become familiar, a *Garrick*, when acting, will think no more of his feet and arms than of his eyes, his forhead, or the organs of his speech; he will think of his subject, and the more he is absorbed by that, the more completely he forgets every thing else, the more he will transport the wondering audience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cincinnati, Ohio, August 22, 1809.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A distant admirer of your Port Folio requests a place in it, if you think proper, for the following *morceau*,

ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND PROPRIETY OF EXPRESSION.

A WISE and polished people will always feel an interest in maintaining the purity of their language: it is important in a national point of view; and hence the most refined nations have carefully cultivated their vernacular speech. The English language is as much the birthright of an American, as it is of an Englishman, and as such has a claim to his fostering care. It is the most copious, the most expressive, and energetic of all the modern, and superior to the best among all the ancient languages, if we except the Greek. It is studied by the polite throughout Europe, and has long been a favourite in Paris. Perhaps, there is none other so universally spoken. It has spread over an important portion of Asia, all North America, and many other places throughout the globe. Its force and comprehensiveness fit it for every species of composition; and, in this respect, it maintains a decided preponderance as to all other living tongues. It is neither adulterated with the guttural sounds of the Spanish, nor the nasal twang of the French; nor with the boisterous roughness of the German, nor the tame monotony of the Italian. Yet it is enriched with thousands of apt words, culled by the best English writers, from those and other languages, both ancient and modern; words, which are now completely associated with and made a part of English idiom. After all it must be acknowledged, its excellence is somewhat impaired by the too frequent occurrence of the letter *s*.

Since, then, we are in possession of a vernacular speech, graced and accommodated with all the needful powers of expression, let us endeavour to preserve its sterling purity, and shield it from the debasement of alloy. But has this been done? I answer, no!—since many words are now in use, throughout the United States, as barbarous as they are uncouth. And, what seriously adds to the evil, those Americanisms are uttered upon the floors of our legislatures: they fall from the lips of men classically educated, and have even become matters of record, by stealing into our statutes! How frequently do we hear within the walls of congress, and see perpetuated, as it were, in their very laws, such sounds as *progréss* (for proceed, travel), *obtains* (prevails, exists), *illy* (ill), *preventative* (preventive), *therefor* (for the same),

lay (lie, *present tense*), *approbate* (approve), *proven* (proved), *plead* (pleaded), *striken out* (struck out), *lengthy* (long), together with a numerous train, compounded of other bastard or perverted expressions! For the honour of our country we fervently pray, that this wide-spreading *Patois* may no longer prevail or be countenanced. How must it wound the feelings of sensibility to hear a member of the most illustrious of our national councils address the chair, with—"Mr. Speaker! after such a *lengthy* debate, and the *breadthy* stand which gentlemen have taken." And yet, there is no more impropriety in *breadthy* than *lengthy;* saving only, that the former, unlike the latter, has not, as yet, become current coin. In mercy to our mother tongue, let those barbarisms be banished forever from the union: "*and let all the people say, amen!*"

A similar evil, Mr. Oldschool, but of minor moment, rages in these sequestered wilds; and in no place is it more prevalent than here. I am alluding to advertisements respecting astrays, with which our *learned* magistrates crowd our weekly journals. There the eye is unceasingly offended with the view of those *monstrous* productions, *horse-colts* and *mare-colts*, prancing down every column. I wish those magistrates to be told, that such epithets are unknown to the English language; that their *horse-colt* is simply a colt, and their *mare-colt* merely a filly; that foal is an appellation applicable to either; and that, when foals attain their growth, and not till then, they become *horses* and *mares*, according to their relative sex. What should we think, upon hearing a boy called a man-child, or a girl a woman-child! The person guilty of so gross a misnomer, would merit a madhouse, or perchance, only a cap and bells.

J.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF ANACREON—BY SEDLEY.

From the Author's Manuscript.

Happiness enjoyed by Critias in retirement—Death of Anacreon—Funeral ceremony—Conclusion.

REMOTE from the intrigues of the court and unruffled by the din of contention our days were joyful and serene like those which nurture

the beautiful Halcyon.* Enjoying the uninterrupted society of a friend, whom I esteemed, and a wife whom I loved, the gods had left me nothing to wish. When I reflected upon the happiness which this intercourse produced I could not but acknowledge the source of it.

"How sweet to the soul of man," would I exclaim, "is the society of a beloved wife! When wearied and broken down by the labours of the day, her endearments sooth, her tender cares restore him. The solicitudes, and anxieties, and heavier misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic vexations to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when, after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes, for his sake, her share of domestic labour upon her, and soothes the anguish of his soul by her comfort and participation. By the immortal gods! a wife is not, as she is falsely represented by some, a burthen or a sorrow to man. No, she shares his burthens and alleviates his sorrows. For there is no toil nor difficulty so insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual efforts and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership."†

After we had been settled a short time in our new abode, Anacreon resolved to send to Lesbos for Sappho. Among others, the following ode, in which he describes the simplicity of our fare and the warmth of his affection, was composed upon this occasion.

A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

But it was not reserved for him again to enjoy the society of this lovely woman, whose genius was only equalled by her misfortunes. Before the couriers had departed, I received information from one of my friends at Mytelene that Sappho had terminated her life and her sufferings by precipitating herself into the sea from the summit of a mountain in Leucadia. The following fragment of an ode was found on the shore.

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* Simonides explains this trite figure. "For as Jove, during the winter season, gives twice seven days of warmth, men have called this clement and temperate time of the year *the nurse of the beautiful Halcyon.*" (*Kingfisher.*)

† This passage is a translation from Hierocles.

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there I'll float, to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind!

The mournful intelligence was unfortunately communicated to Anacreon, while he was engaged in a banquet with a few of his former friends. The sudden dismay which this unexpected information occasioned was such, that he did not observe a grapestone which was swimming in his wine. He was choked by the contents of the cup, and the melancholy consequences were soon too visible in his countenance. I ran to succour him; but, with a smile which bespoke the feeble exertions of nature, he signified that it was too late. I gave him a cup of wine in hopes of relieving him. He took it from me, and, as he held it in his hand, he gave me an ode, in which he announced his departure from us in a strain of prophetic inspiration which resembles the plaintive notes of the expiring swan. It was probably the composition of one of those serious moments to which men of lively feelings are occasionally subject.

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

He then poured out a libation to the Eumenides, the inexorable ministers of the vengeance of Pluto, and having thus endeavoured to appease their fury, he sank upon his couch. It was in vain that we prayed to Apollo, to whom sudden deaths are imputed. Anacreon likewise would have prayed to Mercury, to whom is confided the mournful office of conducting ghosts to the shades below; but the pangs of death were upon him, and the power of utterance was denied. We sounded brazen kettles, to expel those furies which are ever on the alert to carry the unfortunate to places of torment. We crowded around his couch

that we might hear his dying words: we kissed him, and endeavoured to imbibe his latest breath into our mouths.

I had heard, for the last time, the sound of a voice which had never addressed me but in the language of kindness—the lustre of those eyes which had ever beamed with the refulgent sparkles of mirth became dim, and, after a faint struggle he sought the shades of Elysium! He retained his senses so as to be able to depart in a decent posture. As soon as we found that he had expired, his eyes and mouth were closed, and before the body was cold, it was stretched; and soon afterwards it was washed by the females of the household. After it had been rubbed with fragrant oil and other costly ointments, it was clad in a splendid white robe, by which colour was indicated the pure spirit of the deceased. It was then covered with green boughs and flowers, the liveliness and brilliancy of whose hues denoted the felicity which was to be enjoyed after this life. Being placed upon a bier it was carried to the entrance of the door. Here it was exposed to public view in order to prevent any suspicion of his death having been occasioned by a wound. The feet were turned to the door to signify that he would never return, and the corpse was constantly watched, to prevent the pollution of flies or the violence of rude curiosity. The mouth was filled with cake composed of flour, honey, and water, to appease the fury of Cerberus, and a piece of money was placed upon it as a bribe to the surly ferryman of the Styx. His hair was cut off and hung upon the door to indicate the house of sorrow to the heart of sensibility; and, while the corpse remained there, a vessel of water stood nigh, that those who touched it might purify themselves. After it had been preserved seventeen days and nights we prepared for the solemn ceremony of interment.

But it was supposed the spirit of our departed friend would be better satisfied if his ashes were deposited in his natal soil, and we therefore determined to burn the body. In the dead of the night, when the silence of nature accorded with the sadness of our souls and the awfulness of the ceremony, we lighted our torches, to preserve us from the evil spirits which then ventured abroad. When the sun arose, we took our last farewell and conveyed the body from the house. As we moved along, with a slow pace, our uncovered heads bent down and supported by our hands, attested our respect, and the serious notes of the Carian and the Phrygian flutes bewailed the loss of our friend. Some persons sprinkled their heads with ashes and muttered the funereal interjection ἰ, ἰ, ἰ, while others rolled their bodies in the dust. When we arrived at the pile the body was placed in the middle of it, with a quantity of precious ointments and perfumes, and also the fat of beasts to

increase the force of the flames. The garments of the deceased being thrown in, the sad office of communicating fire to the pile devolved upon me, as none of the relations of the deceased were present. Having prayed and offered vows to the winds to assist the flames, I applied the torch. His immediate friends stood nigh to the pile, cutting off their hair and casting it into the flames, and also pouring out libations of wine. The pile being burned down, the embers were extinguished by wine. We collected the ashes and enclosed them in an urn, which was soon after sent to his relations at Athens.

Grecians! his hallowed ashes are covered by a monument which is erected near the altar of the Muses on the margin of Illysus. When the mellow tints of the evening sun shall sleep on the waters, and ye assemble on its banks, tread lightly on the sod that embraces the silent urn. Violets shall bloom around the sacred spot; there the lotus shall spread its embowering branches, and the roses of spring shall impart their sweetest fragrance to the breeze that lingers around his tomb. There the chords of the plaintive lyre shall often respire the sad and solemn notes of wo, and the virgins, who dwell at the foot of the double mountain, shall chant his mournful dirge.

As the winds of the declining year assail the green-clad trees and strew the ground with their foliage, and the approaching spring bids them revive with renovated splendor, so is one generation of man called from the joys of life and another succeeds. But long shall Ilyssus roll his inspiring flood, and many olympiads shall ye walk in the porticos of Athens, or stray by the side of the silver Strymon, before your ears shall be gladdened by such sounds as ye heard from the lyre of Anacreon: for the Graces presided at his birth, and the Muses delighted to inspire his meditations.

VENTRILOQUISM OF THE CELEBRATED MR. FITZ JAMES.

The 'busy indolence' of London has often, of late, been much engaged by the marvellous feats of Mr. Fitz James, one of the most astonishing performers that has ever confounded the ignorant, or edified the philosopher. For the following account of his wonderful talents we are indebted to Mr. W. Nicholson, the scientific Editor of the Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, and the Arts. What gives to this

article the greatest weight and interest is, that Mr. Nicholson, a *philosophical* remarker, was an eye witness of the prodigies, which he describes.

I have now the satisfaction to give some account of the performance of Mr. Fitz James, one of the first masters of the art of ventriloquism; who, in addition to his very striking powers as a speaker and an actor, has the candor and liberality to explain the nature of his performance to his auditors. I was present a few evenings ago at a public exhibition, which continues to be repeated at Dulaw's in Soho Square; and though my account of what I saw and heard cannot but be very imperfect, and far from exciting the surprise, which the actual performance produces, it may, nevertheless, be of utility to establish a few principles, and remove some errors respecting this art.

After a comic piece had been read by Mons. Volange, Mr. Fitz James, who was sitting among the audience, went forward, and expressed his suspicion that the ventriloquism was to be performed by the voices of persons concealed under a platform, which was covered with green cloth. Replies were given to his observations, apparently from beneath that stage; and he followed the voices with the action and manner of a person, whose curiosity was much excited, making remarks in his own voice, and answering rapidly and immediately, in a voice which no one would have ascribed to him. He then addressed a bust, which appeared to answer his questions in character, and after conversing with another bust in the same manner, he turned round, and in a neat and perspicuous speech, explained the nature of the subject of our attention; and from what he stated and exhibited before us, it appeared that by long practice he had acquired the faculty of speaking during the inspiration of the breath, with nearly the same articulation, though not so loud, nor so variously modulated, as the ordinary voice, formed by expiration of the air. The unusual voice, being formed in the cavity of the lungs, is very different, in effect, from the other. Perhaps it may issue in a great measure through the trunk of the individual. We should scarcely be disposed to ascribe any definite direction to it; and consequently are readily led to suppose it to come from the place best adapted to what was said. So that when he went to the door, and asked, "Are you there?" to a person, supposed to be in the passage, the answer in the unusual voice was immediately ascribed by the audience to a person actually in the passage; and upon shutting the door, and withdrawing from it, when he turned round, directing his voice to the door, and said, 'Stay there till I call you.' The answer, which was lower, and well adapted to the supposed distance and obstacle interposed, appeared still more strikingly to be out of the room. He then looked up to the ceiling, and called out in his own voice, 'What are you doing above?' to which an immediate answer was given, which seemed to be in the room above, 'I am coming down directly.' The same deception was practised on the supposition of a person being under the floor, who answered in the unusual, but a very dif-

ferent voice from the other, that he was down in the cellar putting away some wine. An excellent deception of the watchman crying the hour in the street and approaching nearer the house, till he came opposite the window was practised. Our attention was directed to the street, by the marked attention which Fitz James himself appeared to pay to the sound. He threw up the sash and asked the hour, which was immediately answered in the same tone, but clearer and louder; but upon his shutting the window down again, the watchman proceeded less audibly, and all at once the voice became very faint, and Fitz James, in his natural voice said, "He has turned the corner." In all these instances, as well as others, which were exhibited to the very great entertainment and surprise of the spectators, the acute observer will perceive that the direction of the sound was imaginary, and arose entirely from the well-studied and skilful combinations of the performer. Other scenes, which were to follow, required the imagination to be too completely misled, to admit of the actor being seen. He went behind a folding screen in one corner of the room, when he counterfeited the knocking at a door. One person called from within, and was answered by a person from without, who was admitted, and we found, from the conversation of the parties, that the latter was in pain, and desirous of having a tooth extracted. The dialogue and all the particulars of the operation that followed would require a long discourse if I were to attempt to describe them to the reader. The imitations of the natural and modulated voice of the operator, encouraging, soothing, and talking with his patient; the confusion, terror, and apprehension of the sufferer; the inarticulate noises produced by the chairs and apparatus, upon the whole, constituted a mass of sound, which produced a strange, but comic effect. Loose observers would not have hesitated to assert that they heard more than one voice at the time; and though this certainly could not be the case, and it did not appear so to me, yet the transitions were so instantaneous, without the least pause between them, that the notion might very easily be generated. The removal of the screen satisfied the spectators that one performer had effected the whole.

The actor then proceeded to show us specimens of his art as a mimic; and here the power he had acquired over the muscles of his face was full as strange as the modulations of his voice. In several instances, he caused the opposite muscles to act differently from each other; so that while one side of his face expressed mirth and laughter, the other side appeared to be weeping. About eight or ten faces were shown to us in succession as he came from behind the screen, which, together with the general habits and gait of the individual, totally altered him. In one instance he was tall, thin, and melancholy; and the instant afterwards, with no greater interval of time than to pass round behind the screen, he appeared bloated with obesity and staggering with fulness. The same man another time exhibited his face simple, unaffected, and void of character, and the next moment it was covered with wrinkles expressing slyness, mirth, and whim of different descriptions. How

far this discipline may be easy or difficult, I know not, but he certainly appeared to me to be far superior to the most practised masters of the countenance I have ever seen.

During this exhibition, he imitated the sound of an organ, the ringing of a bell, the noises produced by the great hydraulic machine of Marle, and the opening and shutting of a snuff-box.

His principal performance, however, consisted in the debates at *Nauterre*, in which there were twenty different speakers, as is asserted in his advertisement; and certainly the number of different voices was very great. Much entertainment was afforded by the subject, which was taken from the late times of anarchy and convulsion in France; when the lowest, the most ignorant part of society was called upon to decide the fate of a whole people, by the energies of Folly and brutal violence. The same remark may be applied to this debate, as to other scenes, respecting tooth drawing: namely, that the quick and sudden transitions, and the great difference in the voices gave the audience various notions, as well with regard to the number of speakers, as to their positions and the direction of their voices.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

WEST.

"Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast."—*Young.*

At the head of the present English school of painters stands Benjamin West. He was born in the year 1738, at Springfield, Chester County in the state of Pennsylvania. Several of his ancestors came to America with Penn in 1699, and were joined by his father John West in 1714. We know not what were the motives which induced Mr. West to remove to America, but presume it must have been from the general encouragement held out to Quakers by Penn, and to which sect he belonged. Of a large family of children Benjamin West was the youngest son, and at an early period his love of painting showed itself with such uncommon proofs of genius, that at the age of sixteen his father and friends consented to his making it his profession. He was

now so far advanced as to receive considerable encouragement, peculiarly flattering to one in his situation, and he painted with success both portraits and historical pictures in Lancaster, Philadelphia, and New-York. In these pleasing pursuits did he spend the season of his nonage, and by the time he had arrived at the period when youth looks forward with new hope and eager expectation, his emoluments had so increased, with his thirst for knowledge, and desire of improvement in his profession, that he determined to visit Italy, the cradle of the arts, the school of painters.

Hitherto his productions had been the effort of genius, unassisted by the studies of art—or but feebly assisted. Paintings of any character were rare in our country, and of the few to be found, the number must have been small indeed, that were calculated to afford assistance to talents like those possessed by our young artist. Painters were still more rare; and thus genius was left to grope out its way without a preceptor in the art to which it felt its strongest powers directed; without specimens which might detect its faults, or lead to their correction. Mr. West was soon convinced that it was absolutely necessary for his improvement, to study the works of the great masters; and that the rules of art though assisted by superior natural abilities, will never make an eminent painter, unless to these are added the force of examples. The patronage which he had already received, instead of making him contented with his acquirements, served only to rouse his ambition, and led him to aspire to that character which should not shrink from the scrutiny of criticism, or retire from the light of comparison.

With a mind determined, and which no obstacles could divert from its purpose, he embarked at Philadelphia for Italy in 1760, and after some delay at Gibraltar, arrived safely at Leghorn. Here having procured letters of recommendation to Cardinal Albani and others at Rome, he hastened to set out for that great city, then rich in every thing that could add to the delight and instruction of the scholar, and of which the hand of the plunderer of nations had not yet despoiled it. He soon made several valuable acquaintances at Rome, and among the rest was introduced to Raphael Minges, Pompio Battoni, together with other artists and gentlemen of character and influence. By their assistance he gained admission to all that was worthy of inspection; the cabinets of the curious were examined with eager attention, and the galleries of the wealthy explored with the eye of enthusiasm. Indeed such was the effect which these exhibitions had on his ardent mind, such was the enthusiastic zeal with which he viewed them, that a severe fit of illness was the consequence. Recovering from his indisposition, he prepared anew to resume his studies, which he pursued with a keenness

and avidity known only to those who are determined to accomplish what they have undertaken. The finest productions of the art were viewed with critical exactness, and in this minute examination of the works of the greatest masters we may look for that correctness of design and force of expression, so visible in the paintings of West. To the works of Angelo, Raphael, and Poussin, he devoted his principal attention. Angelo was perhaps the greatest designer that ever lived, and West well knew how absolutely essential it was to be excellent in this part of the profession, in which the genius of the painter is principally seen, and without which a picture is a mere assemblage of beautiful colours, delighting the eye but not affecting the heart. To the invention of Angelo, he desired to unite the force, the majesty, and the elegance of Raphael, with the delicacy, softness, and simplicity of Poussin; and his pictures show how well he succeeded in his intention.

Having completed for a time his studies at Rome, Florence presented a fine theatre for his genius to expatiate on, and to the galleries of that city he repaired; long celebrated as the repository of the arts, as the emporium of taste, and of elegance. Whether unremitted attention to the study of the fine models here exhibited, or the same kind of enthusiasm which affected him at Rome was the cause, West was again seized with sickness. His illness however did not prevent his progress in improvement, but led him to devise means by which he might yet continue in the cultivation of his art; and for this purpose he had a frame so contrived that he might paint while confined to the bed, in which manner he executed several works of fancy.

From Florence he visited all the celebrated collections of paintings dispersed in various cities of Italy, endeavouring by all means to become well acquainted with the works of those masters who have most excelled in the Lombard and Venetian schools. Here his imagination had a wide field to range in. He was dazzled by the brilliancy of the exquisite colouring of Titian, and enraptured by the grace, the purity, and correctness of Corregio. The school of the Carracci received also the admiration of West, and he gave much attention to their noble works; forcibly struck by the grace and grandeur of Lewis, charmed by the conception and execution of Augustin, and astonished at the boldness and superiority of Hannibal. From these delightful excursions he returned once more to Rome, and while there, painted those two pictures which he afterwards exhibited in London, Cymon and Iphygenia, and Angelica and Madora.

Whether it was originally the intention of Mr. West to visit London, or whether the solicitation of his friends, or the munificence of George the Third, were his inducements we know not, probably all three concurred in determining him about this time to go thither.

Quitting Rome he proceeded to Parma in order to finish a copy of the celebrated picture of St. Gerolemo by Corregio. Thence he went to Genoa and Turin, desirous of seeing the various works of Italian and Flemish masters to be found in those cities: and here he at length finished his studies of the art in Italy. Studies which had been commenced with enthusiasm, prosecuted with diligence, and completed with success.

Arrived at Paris he was to continue the study of the French school, which in examining with care the fine paintings of Poussin, he had so happily begun at Rome. Here, as in Italy, he sought out all those exquisite productions deposited in the galleries of the nobility, in the palaces of royal grandeur, in churches, monasteries, and private collections. The works of Le Brun, Le Sueur, Poussin and others, passed in review before him; nor did he suffer his admiration to lead his judgment astray, but was improved while he was delighted.

The English school was now the only one of any consequence whose productions had not been seen and studied by Mr. West. Reynolds was at its head, and was equally distinguished for taste, correctness, and execution. But besides the advantages which an artist might derive by studying the works of such a leader, it was also to be considered that many paintings of the great masters were scattered all over England, that it had been the principal theatre of some, and that here only their finest productions were to be found. Either of these causes were sufficient to carry him thither, and it has been already observed that there were others. West arrived in London in August 1763, and in the autumn of the same year he visited the celebrated collections of the country. The picture of the Pembroke family by Vandyck at Wilton was one which he viewed with vast care, and by which he could not but be instructed and delighted: he also made the study of the Cartoons of Raphael at Hampton court his peculiar regard, and surely these were subjects worthy of every attention which he could bestow upon them.

He had now completed his acquaintance with the schools, his genius was matured, and nothing remained but to fix his residence in some situation, where, assisted by patronage, he might exemplify by his practice the art of which he so well understood the theory. His native country presented a field entirely new; he was ambitious to excel in it, and to enrich it with his fairest flowers; he had attachments there which were almost irresistible, and he could think of happiness nowhere but in its bosom. It was about this time that his majesty began to bestow his bounty with so liberal a hand, to encourage with praise and to reward with munificence. West hesitated—he reflected on the little encouragement which had hitherto been given to

the arts in America, he contrasted it with royal patronage, and princely favour, he listened to the earnest solicitations of his friends, and determined to remain in England. This determination was aided by another cause. In April 1764, there was an exhibition of paintings at Spring Gardens, the productions of artists who had formed an institution for that purpose. Thither he was induced by his joint friends Reynolds and Wilson, to send his two pictures already mentioned, painted at Rome, as also a portrait of General Monck. These were favourably received; and in the year following he was chosen a member and director of the institution. He drew there and continued his contributions until the opening of the Royal Academy by his Majesty in 1768. When that Institution was first contemplated, West was one of the persons named to submit a plan for it. The year previous he had been mentioned with high encomiums to the King, by Drummond, archbishop of York, and introduced with the celebrated picture of "Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the ashes of Germanicus," which he had painted for that prelate. A flattering reception was the consequence, and he was employed to paint "The departure of Regulus for Carthage;" this was his first exhibition at the opening of the Royal Academy in 1769. Numerous were the paintings which he produced until 1772, when he was taken more immediately under royal patronage, by being appointed historical painter to the crown. New honours now poured in upon him from all quarters, and from that time he has been continually receiving accessions; medals have been lavishingly bestowed, and various societies in every part of the world have hastened to admit him as a member of their institutions. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds he was unanimously elected to the presidency of the Royal Academy, and has since received the honour of knighthood.

These are among the principal events of Mr. West's life—it now remains to consider his character more minutely as a painter. The field which he has chosen for the chief display of his talents is history, both sacred and profane, dramatic and domestic; and though he no doubt has greatly excelled in portrats, yet historical painting is unquestionably his forte. To attain eminence in this style is the most difficult effort, while it is the highest ambition of a painter of true genius, for it requires great diversity of talent, as it unites in itself all the varieties of painting. An historical painter must possess in a peculiar degree, a quick invention, correctness of design, bold expression, and finished execution, aided by all the other arts of his profession. His object is to represent some distinguished action, and whatever is thought, felt, said, or done by the personages he would introduce, must glow on his canvass and animate it into life. That West

has succeeded in this the most noble and magnificent style of painting, we need only refer to his works to be convinced of. Examine the "Arrival of Agrippina," "Death of Wolfe," "Departure of Regulus," "Hannibal," and other pictures of this great artist, and the above assertion will be found correct to its utmost limit. The fine prints which have been executed from these paintings, place it in the power of every lover of the art to become acquainted with their distinguished excellence. These prints have been purchased with eagerness in every part of the world, and have extended the reputation of Mr. West wherever art is known, or science has a seat. Scripture has received various illustrations from the canvass of West; and here it is worthy of remark, that the finest productions of the art are those whose subjects are found in holy writ. Among the pictures of Mr. West drawn from this source are, "Joseph's sons receiving the Blessing, "Witch of Endor," "Stephen stoned," "A last Supper," and numerous others. English history rich in materials for the painter, has afforded noble subjects for the pencil of West. In battle pieces he has been peculiarly happy, and has greatly excelled; those of Cressy, Poitiers, Nevis Cross, La Hogue, and the Boyne, are fine examples. Almost all the modern English painters have been ambitious of adding to the glory of Shakspeare, and to their own character, by selecting the principal scenes of his drama as subjects for their paintings; and thus a noble collection has been made, composing what is called the Shakspeare Gallery, originally set on foot by the patriotic Boydell. To this collection West has largely contributed, and among the rest has given elegant illustrations of scenes from Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, &c. his picture of the "Witches" has received great and deserved admiration. It would be endless to enumerate the portraits and pictures he has painted for the royal family, for the nobility, for churches, collections, and individuals; they are to be found in most of the palaces and galleries throughout England. Some have even made their way to this country, they are however rare, and cannot be too highly estimated.

Though past the usual age of man, Mr. West still continues constant to his profession, he has a select collection of paintings which from time to time he still makes his study, and they doubtless add to his improvement, for such is the effect of having what is great and excellent always before us. Mr. West has now in his port-folios a number of drawings and sketches to the amount of two hundred: what a treasure to the world if he should live to finish them! since the first institution of the Royal Academy, his exhibitions have been numerous and constant, and in May last he produced there three pictures, which, in the estimation of correct judges, bore away the palm from all others;

the subject of one of them was "The Bard" of Gray, so elegantly described in the following lines:

> "On a rock, whose haughty brow
> Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
> Rob'd in the sable garb of wo,
> With haggard eyes the poet stood;
> (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
> Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)
> And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
> Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre."

It is sufficient to say, that West has done full justice to so noble a subject, and has been animated in the execution of it by all the enthusiasm of the poet.

Having finished the examination of the works of Mr. West, we may sum up his character as a painter in a few words; he combines simplicity with elegance, correctness of design with boldness of expression, dignity, ease, and grace, with delicacy, softness, and exquisite execution.

Of Mr. West's domestic concerns we can say but little, we only know that soon after his settlement in England, he married a lady from America, to whom he had been early attached, and whom he sent for as soon as he had a prospect of success in his profession.

BAYARD.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have observed in your periodical work for July and August, that a difference of opinion exists between two of your correspondents, "Inquirer" and "P. R." as to the authenticity of Brydone's Tour through Sicily and Malta. I believe that there can be no doubt but Brydone, like many others, travelled *to* Sicily and Malta; but there are, in my mind, great doubts as to the extent of his travels and *researches*, especially of his ascension to the summit of Etna, notwithstanding the glowing colours, in which he has depicted the scenery which is presented, from the top of this gigantic mountain, at the dawn of day. I have fre-

quently heard it asserted at the converzatione at Catania, by gentlemen of the first respectability, that this *celebrated* traveller did not ascend to the summit of Etna. I must therefore conclude that, the assertion of your "*correspondent Inquirer*" is *not* without foundation. Brydone has, I presume, like many others, *travelled* over a *chart* of this mountain in his closet, and given us a poetical description of it, the basis of which, he may have taken from the Sicilian historians. To examine this celebrated mountain with accuracy, a mountain whose volcanic productions take in a circuit of a hundred and twenty miles, and on the first region of which, *three hundred thousand* inhabitants dwell, surely would have required *more time* than Mr. Brydone appears to have allotted in exploring it, admitting the account which he gives to be authentic. What does the learned Abbé Farrara,* of Catania, say respecting this *celebrated* traveller? "*Il Brydone, nella brillante relazione del suo viaggio in Sicilia, eseguito nell'ano* 1770," A Tour through Sicily and Malta, in two volumes, London, "*più impegnoto a divertire il suo dear Beckford, che a dare una sincera descrizione del Paese che correa, ha tutto scritto a suo modo, e nelle lettere sull'Etna sul poco che ha copiato dagli altri, non ne ha fatto di questa montagna, che una descrizione Poetica. Altri viaggiatori hanno posteriormente fatto la Simia allo Scrittore Inglese senza averne lo spirito, e senza aver potuto render utili le loro relazioni. Il buon Conte de Borch si vide molto impegnato a dover far rilevare gli errori de Brydone;*" &c. which I beg leave to translate. "Brydone, in a brilliant relation of his travels in Sicily, performed in 1770, *was more employed in diverting his dear Beckford*, than in giving a *true* description of the country *through which he ran;* he has described the whole, in his letters on Etna, in a manner peculiar to himself; except the small portion which *he copied from others*, he has done no more than give a poetical description of this mountain. Other travellers succeeding him have *aped* the English writer, without having either the spirit or capacity of rendering their relations useful. The good count de Borch is seen assiduously employed in removing *the errors* of Brydone," &c.

I will not trespass further on your pages, except to request your acceptance of the homage of my high consideration and respect.

E. C.

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* A gentleman of this city, is now engaged in translating the Abbé Farrara's valuable history of Mount Etna.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield, concludes his one hundred and eighty-eighth epistle with two words of Greek, Χαριτες Χαριτες. Now, sir, to appropriate a very favourite adage of his lordship, *ex pede Herculem*—and I think it may be inferred that he was only a lord among scholars. His lordship certainly meant to use Χαριτες determinately; and consequently should have prefixed to it the article. I shall not insult his lordship's manes by citing the grammar rule, but quote a passage foom Bion which is to the purpose.

Αἱ Χάριτες κλαίουσι τ' υἱέα τᾶ Κυθέρεια,
Καὶ μιν ἐπαείδουσιν·

I am, sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The work called "Reflections on Ridicule," respecting which your correspondent, "The Inquirer," (vol. I. page 509) requests information was written originally in French by the Abbé de Belgrade. A copy of it (12mo. 1707) is now in the library of the library company of this city. In the same valuable collection are two editions of a translation of this work neither of which mention the name of the author or translator. They are both by the same hand, and have an original dedication prefixed, which does, though rather obscurely, acknowledge it to be a translation. One of the editions is in two vols. 12mo. London, 1739; the second volume of which contains a translation of a work by the same author, entitled "*Reflections sur la politesse des mœurs, suite des Reflections sur le Ridicule:*" this I have never seen in the original.

The translations abovementioned are extremely literal, but preserve all the spirit of the original: they are, most probably, also by Collier, as they abound with the same Gallicisms mentioned by your correspondent.

Jeremiah Collier I imagine to be the same, who, in the beginning of the last century, published a work on the immorality and prophaneness of the English stage, which involved him in a controversy with several of the wits of that period. He was the author of a number of original works, and of several translations from the French and Latin. He appears to have been very desirous that this translation should have the credit of an original work, without at the same time expressly avowing it as such.

There is a short account of the Abbé given in the "*Noveau Dictionaire Historique:*" &c. his biographer says that he was a Jesuit, but that after he was obliged to leave that society, on account of his attachment to Cartesianism, "*il ne cessa d'enfanter volumes sur volumes:*" that he produced translations of many of the works of the fathers, and of the prophane authors "*pour la plupart infidelles,*" *et* "*pas plus estimées;*" and concludes by saying, he had a facility and something of elegance in his style, "*mais ses reflections ne sont que de mortalités triviales, sans profendeur ni finesse.*"

INDAGATOR.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—LETTER VI.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, March 1804.

ON a future occasion as my information extends, I shall furnish you with some biographical sketches of the most important personages among the Haytians. As the sphere of my acquaintance is yet limited, I shall take every opportunity to procure such particulars as will enable me so to do. At present you must be satisfied with an introduction to a few who may be called *little* great men.

Richard, commandant of the place, is an African negro, ignorant and stupid, and a villain of the first order. It is his duty to examine all vessels on the morning of their departure, to see that no person, white, coloured, or black, belonging to the island, is on board,—to regulate the police of the town, and to hold courts. All petty prosecutions and disputes are decided before him. He also furnishes the passports, with which every person travelling from one part of the island to another, must be provided. He never refuses a bribe, and whenever he has it in his power to extort money, he never fails to do it. His opportunities of extortion are frequent. When he is on board examining a vessel at her departure, and while she is under way, the scoundrel pretends that he has discovered something in the manifest, the exportation of which by a late order is prohibited; he then orders the captain to heave his vessel to, and cast anchor. It must at once strike you that a delay, even of a few hours, is a very serious inconvenience, and that the sacrifice of a few dollars to avoid one, is

a comparative trifle. Thus the villain imposes upon strangers, and seldom fails to receive eight or ten dollars, as a compromise. *Richard* can read and write after a manner, but the principal part of his business is transacted by Rimet his colleague, and a white clerk. The perquisites of his office, added to his extortions, are not sufficient to support him in style, and he consequently lives in rather an obscure state, and cuts but a mean appearance.

Felix Ferrier, administrator, or *ordonnateur general*, is a dark mulatto of about thirty years of age. He was formerly a saddler in the Cape, but being too indolent to work, retired from his trade, and set up a gambling house. By cunning and artifice *he played his cards so well*, as to gain the confidence of some of the great men, and was by degrees promoted to his present station. His power over commercial regulations is so great, that he can establish such as he pleases, and his influence with Christophe is so extensive, that his will becomes a law. Without his permission not a pound of coffee can be purchased, and he has declared that until he sells a large parcel which he has on hand, he will permit no person to buy but of him.

The ordonnateur is a civil officer acting under the *minister of finances*. There is one in each department, and a deputy under these again, called a *proposer*, generally resides in each sea-port town. His duty is to purchase provisions, clothing, ammunition, &c. for the troops, and generally to furnish all articles which are wanted for the use of government. As the purchases made for government, are all contracted to be paid in produce, principally coffee (for not a dollar that enters the public coffers ever finds its way out) each administrator and *proposer* has a public store in which he deposits that portion of it belonging to the state, which is brought to the town within his jurisdiction. Thence it is carried to that port of delivery, at which the payment is to be made.

Ferrier lives in handsome style—has his *gens d'armes* at his door—wears a blue coat trimmed with gold lace, and a cocked hat with a long scarlet plume. He is excessively proud and haughty, and treats the Americans with studied insolence. Few in the island, can lay a better claim to the first rank of scoundrels.

Raphael, collector of the port, is an old negro, of perhaps near sixty years of age, of a venerable and respectable appearance, and is one of the very few of the Haytians who are possessed of principle. But he is not a proper man for the office he holds; he is rather thick-sculled, and so slow in the performance of his duty, that it requires more than common patience to bear with him.

In the custom house, as in most of the public offices, there is a white clerk, yet notwithstanding his assistance combined to that of several mulattoes and blacks, the affairs are so slowly conducted, that

it occupies *three* days to clear a vessel out, besides the necessity of *complimenting* many of the officers. This system of delay occasioned one day a ludicrous circumstance. A Baltimore captain entered the custom-house in great haste, and asked for a permit: the great pressure of business prevented the collector from immediately attending to his demand: the captain enraged at his delay, swore, stamped, and danced about the room like a madman. Raphael seeing him impatient, but not understanding the abusive language he used, said to him in a civil good-natured manner, "*Tout à l'heure capitaine.*" "D—n your *toot allures*," replied the captain, "if you do'nt give me a permit, I'll kick you to the devil." In this manner he continued blustering and swearing, until a friend whispered him, that if the collector should perchance discover the purport of his language, he would be in a sure way of visiting the inside of the *cachot*.

A man may be placed in a situation so precarious, that for the preservation of his life, a little finesse, flattery, or even pretended adulation might be pardonable, but what must be thought of a wretch, who voluntarily becomes an *intriguant*, who builds his whole prospect of success upon the misfortunes of others, and who endeavours to ingratiate himself into the favour of his superiors, by calumniating and misrepresenting the actions of others? such men exist, and even in Hayti, where the machinations and artifices of the profound courtier, could yet scarcely have been introduced, many of the vices so familiar to him, are daily put in practice. Citizen A——, whom I have noticed on a former occasion, is of this class. As the public interpreter he has intercourse with all strangers, and from the nature of his office, has a fine opportunity for peculation. All invoices of imported cargoes pass through his hands for translation. The duties are payable on the invoice value, five per cent; this value he diminishes in his translated copy, receives however the full amount from the importer, and defrauds the government of the balance. He is a perfect slave to Christophe, and is forever cringing behind his chair with, "General, I hope you are well today," "I hope the general has had a good night's rest," and "I am extremely glad to see the general's health is good." He is at Christophe's house the principal part of his time—follows him like a shadow—and at entertainments devotes his whole attention to the *black gentry*, frequently disdaining to notice persons of his own colour. He is an adept in deception and intrigue, and as the general's evil counsellor I fear he has too much influence. By his machinations vessels have been detained many days from sailing, under the pretence of having goods on board which were prohibited by government, although those very goods had been shipped by regular permits issued from the custom-house. This fact was fully tested upon one occasion.

An American captain received orders from the general to reland a small quantity of iron which had been put on board his vessel for ballast, although regularly permitted, and this too when the vessel was loaded and ready for sea. Exasperated at such base treatment, and suspecting Monsieur A—— as the author of his misfortune, the captain resolved upon a bold expedient to prevent a delay. He waited upon the interpreter, and stated to him in plain but resolute language, that "he was satisfied this villainy was of his devising," and, added he, "if my vessel is detained and I am compelled to discharge the cargo, I will blow out your brains." This menace, accompanied by the manly firmness with which it was uttered, had the desired effect. The *citizen* was alarmed, and immediately procured liberty for the vessel to depart. The object of the interpreter was either to obtain satisfaction for some affront offered him by the captain, or to extort a *douceur*, under the impression that he would prefer making a handsome present, to being subjected to the inconveniences and expenses of a detention. Most probably the latter, but the citizen found himself mistaken in his man. Thus you see in a country where the will of an individual is law, and where this individual is liable to be exposed to the designs and influence of wicked men, all pretensions to regularity and system are at an end, and the security of the persons and property of strangers may very well be questioned. A merchant is permitted one day to ship an article which is the next day prohibited, and in fine, laws are only made as occasions require, and exist just as long as the private interest and views of the general and his advisers demand.

Monsieur A—— to his other amiable qualities, has combined the virtues of a common spy. As an eavesdropper he is continually listening to the conversations of others, that he may have some important intelligence to communicate, and every expression he hears reflecting upon the blacks or their government, is carried to head-quarters.

Christophe was once informed that a certain English merchant residing in the Cape, had said that "he thought it dangerous for the French whites to remain in the island." This is what any man might have said with propriety, for the fact is incontrovertible. The general sent for the gentleman, and stated to him the charge. Mr. B—— denied it, and asked the name of the informer: this Christophe refused, and in a harsh and threatening tone, dismissed him from his presence, with the following words, "If I ever hear of your uttering such an expression again, I will go myself to your house, drag you out of it, and cut you up with my sabre like an ox; (*comme un bœuf*) I hereby order you to leave the Island in *eight days*." This Mr. B—— was compelled to do.

The general had a private secretary, a Frenchman, of the name of Tourke. This unfortunate man had a quarrel one evening at the

theatre, which was represented to Christophe very much to his disparagement. On the following morning early the general ordered him to prison, but no sooner was the mandate pronounced, than the report of a pistol was heard from Tourke's apartment. Upon entering it, he was found dead. Desperation, it appears, upon hearing the order for his *imprisonment* (for here, to a Frenchman, that dreadful word is almost synonimous with *death*,) drove him to the fatal deed. The interpreter was by every body considered as the informer in both these cases. He is detested by all the whites, French as well as strangers, and I have some doubts whether the partiality which is apparently entertained for him by the sable grandees extends further than his utility. As a spy he is extremely convenient to them. The heads of the government find in him a safe channel through which the opinionsof foreigners, as well as of the unhappy Frenchmen within their power, are conveyed to them.

DEDICATION TO MY WIFE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I KNOW of no species of composition so universally attractive to readers of unvitiated taste, as pictures of conjugal attachment and felicity. Such a state constitutes so decidedly the largest portion of all possible happiness upon earth, that descriptions of it, call forth the most natural, the most affecting, the most tender, and the most virtuous of our associations. How familiar to every reader are the delineations of happy marriage, by Thomson, by Dr. Cotton, by John Gilbert Cooper, by his prototype the author of Winifreda, by Mr. Bishop, and by Dr. Aikin! All collections contain them in part. *Æquè pauperibus prosunt locupletibus æquè*, to the poor and to the rich in poetical taste they are equally attractive. How very interesting is the account given us by that excellent woman, Mrs. Reiske, of her husband and his literary labours! How honourable is the attachment of a man so eminently learned as Reiske to every conjugal feeling! And how admirably was he supported through a life of prodigious literary labour very ill recompensed, unless by the attentions of that valuable woman! I was much pleased with a similar instance of public acknowledgment to the merit of a worthy woman, by a man not inferior in extent of reading and re-

search, in patient industry and eminent learning to any man of his day. Fanciful, indeed, and visionary in his theory: paradoxical and hetorodox is his opinions; but honest, laborious, learned, and profound, beyond any of the French deists, whose chief merit, for the most part, is having stolen from the English deistical writers, from lord Hubert and Blount, through Toland, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Bolingbroke, and Dowdswell.

The eulogy on Voltaire, is natural from the pen of a deist and a Frenchman, and therefore may well be forgiven. I neither defend his French prejudices, nor his deistical theories: but it is competent even to a Frenchman and a deist, to be a kind and affectionate husband, as well as a learned and good man. The *Origine de tous Cultes*, in four vols. 4to., was published in the third year of the republic; its author is Dupuis.

DEDICATION TO MY WIFE.

An epistle dedicatory has almost always been a monument erected by Indigence and Meanness to Opulence and Rank. That interested praise, which the servile tribe of authors so lavishly bestow on the favourites of Fortune, raises a blush on the cheek of the Muses; it confers no honour on those to whom it is given, and it degrades those who give it. For my own part, I composed this work, while nobility yet existed, but I never sullied the first pages of my book, with this dishonourable stain. It was under the auspices of Hymen that it was destined to appear; and Erato, the most enchanting of the Muses, engraved on its frontispiece the name of LOVE. Ah! who is so well entitled to receive the homage of my labours, as she who witnessed the first germe of my system, who assisted in its development, who has traced its progress, who consented to expatriate herself that it might issue from the press, who has smoothed the labour, and counteracted the listlessness of sixteen years of painful research, by the sweet charm of her society! Twenty-two years have we been united in the marriage bond, my wife; and you have spread happiness over each moment of the time. A good mother, a good wife, a good friend, a good citizen, unaffected, frank, and generous, you have joined the philosophy of conduct to the philosophy of opinion, and the most perfect equanimity of character, to an understanding the most enlightened. The serenity of your look which designates the tranquillity of your soul, inspires every one about you with a mild and placid good humour. Your husband and your books have constituted your ruling passion: to love him and inform your mind, your sweetest pleasure. The highest eulogium that can be paid to your

taste, is your esteem for Voltaire, to whose works you have consecrated that leisure which your family duties have afforded you; a family, whose good order is the fruit of your superintendance, your industry, and your prudent care. If you can spare any part of your leisure from perusing the works of that immortal genius, of which Nature affords but a single specimen, cast your eye upon the labours of your husband. His mind, like his heart, is yours. His name will, to you, give interest to the perusal, and your regard for the author, will conceal from you the faults of his performance. Read it; and I shall be amply recompensed for the pains I have taken. It is from you the public shall receive this work. But for you, it had been consigned to the flames. To myself, the most interesting part of it is this page of dedication.

DUPUIS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK—NO. IV.

"Quicquid agunt homines—nostri est farrago libelli."

Espriella's Letters.

AMONG the most interesting and entertaining books that have appeared in England for the last twenty years, every man of true taste will readily allow that Espriella's letters may be placed. They are elegant, accurate, and profound in the highest degree. The English national character is drawn with very great ability and correctness. Its bright points are set in a clear light—and the dark ones are exhibited with justice, wholly free from the peevishness, impertinence, and petulance, that disgrace the Welds, the Moores, the Parkinsons, the Buloes, *et hoc genus omne*, who appear to have visited *this* country, merely with a view to exhibit its climate, its soil, its inhabitants, with their manners, and customs, in the most odious point of light.

This work has appeared without its author's name. But there is nothing in it that could render the avowal of authorship either imprudent or inexpedient. It has been, as far as I know, universally ascribed to Southey, the poet, who published a few years since, Letters from Spain, one of the most vapid, jejune performances that have appeared for a long time. The two works carry the strongest internal evidence that they could not possibly have been written by the same person. As

well might we suppose that Seneca had penned the incomparable odes of Horace—or Eutropius written the history of the Catilinian war—or Blackmore the Rape of the Lock, as that the writer of the Letters from Spain were the author of Espriella's letters. Should I be deceived in this idea, and should the two productions actually have been the offspring of one man, it is unquestionably the most miraculous event to be found in the history of literature.

—

Edinburgh Review—Cœlebs in search of a Wife.

There was a time, and not very long since, when the business of reviewing new publications was, in Great Britain, highly respectable, and as highly useful. Associations of men of talents were formed, who, according to their various tastes and pursuits, parcelled among themselves the different branches of literature—reviewed with candor and liberality the books that appeared under each division—and, separating the wheat from the chaff, were regarded as affording "eyes to the blind" to the generality of purchasers, who could, in nine cases out of ten, rely with safety on the verdict of this high court of literature. I say nine cases out of ten—because even in those times, partiality, prejudice, malice, and other sinister motives, would occasionally interfere; corrupt and bias some individual of the jury; and thus produce an erroneous decision on some of the productions which courted the suffrage of the learned, and the patronage of the public. But the instances of this kind were rare.

For the correctness of this statement, I freely appeal to the recollection and knowledge of those men of reading and taste, who can cast their eyes backward for forty or fifty years—and who have witnessed the general correctness, sound judgment, and impartiality that presided over the decisions of the Monthly and Critical Reviews, formerly almost the only umpires in the literary world. Time has set his seal of approbation on their verdicts generally—and for one that has been repealed, twenty have been confirmed.

But alas! *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* At present the scene is deplorably reversed. The reviews, which have sprung up like mushrooms in the night, and which now are, perhaps, almost as numerous as the daily papers, make, with some few illustrious exceptions, a frightful exhibition of nearly all the vile passions, that disgrace and dishonour human nature. Ambition, avarice, malignant hatred, and faction, alternately domineer over many of the hirelings who write for them. There are numberless instances of the most respectable works being loaded with abuse, and consigned to oblivion, because their

authors happened to differ on some abstract points of religion or politics from the writers, or the publishers of the review; for be it observed, that a considerable proportion of the writers being mercenaries, hired for the purpose, they are too generally obliged to be entirely subservient to the views and passions of the proprietors.

I have been led into this investigation and detail, by the perusal, in the last number of The Port Folio, of a critique, extracted from the Edinburgh Review, on a most excellent work, lately published by Hannah Moore, called "Cœlebs, in Search of a Wife." In the annals of literature, I know of no greater instance of *charlatannerie* and destitution of truth, than is here exhibited. The accusations brought against the writer, her book, and its principal characters—the opinions and assertions of the reviewer—with his final decision upon the work, are not only not true, but the very reverse of truth. It may seem extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that I really cannot persuade myself that the reviewer read Cœlebs. Perhaps, when he was yawning under the hands of his frizeur, he might have skimmed through a page or two, and from them undertook to decide upon the whole. It reminds me of a story I have somewhere read, of a man who was about purchasing an orchard, in which there was a great diversity of fruits—and sent for a single apple to enable him to judge what sort of fruit it produced. To those acquainted with some of the arcana of the profession of a reviewer, the above opinion will not appear very extravagant. They know that *such things are*. The nature of the case precludes positive evidence. Presumptive is the highest degree that can be obtained, unless by the confession of the party, which is not to be expected. I hope to convince the reader, that there is very strong presumptive evidence in this case.

When a critic utterly mistates the nature and tendency of a work, and charges opinions and practices upon the principal characters of it, not at all to be found in it—are we not warranted in the belief—is there not as strong presumptive evidence as can be reasonably required, that he has taken his idea of it from hearsay—or if he has looked into it all, that it must have been in the most cursory and superficial manner? I cannot doubt but every candid person will respond in the affirmative.

It remains for me to prove that the author has thus mistated, and thus falsely accused. I shall produce two or three strong instances in which the authoress is made to express opinions, and to lay down dogmas, which the eyes of Argus could not find in her book—and then a hollow deceptious triumph is pretended over those errors, which are the mere fabrications of the critic, and do not at all appertain to the authoress. This is an ancient trick. But its antiquity does not at all diminish its turpitude. It is somewhat analogous to the practice of cer-

tain persecutors, who had the objects of their cruelty disfigured with the skins of wild beasts, and then had them hunted to death by blood-hounds.

On the subject of the dramatic art and the theatre, the critic was desirous of making a pompous display of his profound taste and his extensive reading. From the zeal and enthusiasm with which he is animated, a reader would be led to suppose that one of the chief objects of "*Cœlebs*" was an attack of the most bigoted and illiberal kind against the theatre and the drama in general, in which the immortal works of Shakspeare—the witty, but gross productions of Wycherley, Behn, Farquhar, Congreve, and Cibber—the laughter-inspiring nonsense of O'Keefe—and the chaste and instructive dramas of Addison, Young, and Cumberland, were all assailed with undiscriminating and Vandalic fury. At such an instance of Gothic ignorance and stupidity, he would naturally and inevitably, if possessed of taste, unite with the reviewer in his denunciation of the folly and illiberality of our authoress, and consign her work to what he would suppose its merited contempt and oblivion. But inexpressibly great would be his error. Let the reviewer, however, speak for himself, lest I be supposed to offer him injustice.

"Cœlebs and Lucilla, her *optimus* and *optima* never dance, and never go to the play. They not only stay away from the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar, for which they may easily be forgiven, but they never go to see Mrs. Siddons in the Gamester and Jane Shore. The finest exhibition of talent, and the most beautiful moral lessons are interdicted at the theatre. There is something in the word "Playhouse," which seems so closely connected, in the minds of these people, with sin and Satan, that it stands, in their vocabulary, for every species of abomination. And yet why? Where is every feeling more roused in favour of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the most excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote? To behold the child and his mother, the noble and the poor, the monarch and his subjects, all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion, wrung with one common anguish, and, with loud sobs and cries, doing homage to the God who made their hearts? What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these! What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits!"

On this single point I would have no hesitation to rest the merits of the case. Here is a strong, clear, and pointed accusation brought forward. I do not, by any means, enter into a discussion of the ques-

tion, which has been so often agitated, and on which excellent men have been arrayed on both sides—I mean the question of the advantages and disadvantages of theatrical representations generally; but our object is to ascertain whether Cœlebs or Lucilla had this abhorrence of "dancing or going to the play-house"—whether they had any conscientious scruples against "hearing Siddons repeat what Shakespeare wrote," or whether the "word playhouse was so closely connected with sin and Satan, in their minds, that it stood in their vocabulary for every species of abomination." On this point I join issue with the critic, and on this I am willing to stand or fall.

With what wonder, with what indignation must the reader learn, that, in all the discursive range of conversation, of the most diversified kind, in which Lucilla was engaged, embracing an infinite variety of the most interesting topics relative to morals and manners, neither "dancing nor the playhouse" are once introduced, nor even glanced at—so far is *she*, at least, from "connecting the word playhouse with sin," and making it synonimous "with every species of abomination!" Surely, it required a very uncommon combination of malignity, effrontery, and folly, thus to fabricate a charge so totally without the shadow of foundation—a charge so easily refuted. Instances of such imposture may, I admit, have occurred before in the republic of letters; but, except Lauder's vile attack upon the manes of Milton, I know of nothing half so base. This is more profligate; as Lauder might have hoped, from the difficulty of detection, in his references to antiquated authors, to have escaped triumphantly. But our reviewer could hardly have expected to avoid disgrace, in so gross a misrepresentation of a book in almost every person's hands.

The theatre and balls are, it is true, once introduced. Mrs. Ranby, a woman who, with very gross defects of character, has deluded herself into the belief of possessing an extraordinary degree of sanctity, in eulogizing her daughters, thus addresses Cœlebs:

"There, Sir, are three girls, who will make excellent wives: they were never at a ball or a play in their lives; and yet, though I say it, that should not say it, they are as accomplished as any ladies at St. James's."

On this Cœlebs says,

"I cordially approved the former part of her assertion, and bowed in silence to the latter."

The declaration of Mrs. Ranby consists of three several points. 1st. That her daughters would make excellent wives; 2d, that they had never been at a ball or a play; and 3d, that they were as accom-

plished as any ladies at St. James's. Whether the "cordial approbation" of the hero had reference to the first or second point may be made a matter of dispute. The sentence unquestionably wants precision. But even admitting it to refer exclusively to the second, it is the only instance in which Cœlebs hazarded an opinion on this topic, and indubitably this does not warrant the ranting effusions of the critic respecting Shakespeare and Siddons, "the interdiction of the theatre," the synonimy of "the playhouse" with "every species of abomination," and its "connexion with sin and Satan." Not to repeat what I have already stated, that Lucilla Stanley, who is equally the subject of the reviewer's ire on this point, has not lisped a single word, in any way, respecting either "dancing or the theatre."

"Lucilla is totally uninteresting; so is Mr. Stanley; Dr. Barlow still worse; and Cœlebs a mere clod or dolt."

"The excellent Mr. Stanley is uniformly paltry and narrow, always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking no Christian safe who is not dull."

So far the reviewer. This decision is as totally groundless as the other; but it requires more detail to prove its falsehood. I begin with Mr. Stanley. I have no other way than to quote some of his sentiments, and leave the decision to the reader.

"It is to preserve them from evils which I deprecate," said Mr. Stanley, "that I would consign the most engaging subjects to the best hands, and raise the taste of our youth, by allowing a little of their leisure, and of their leisure only, to such amusements." Vol. II. 21.

"I adopt none of the metaphysical subtilties, none of the abstruse niceties of any party: nor do I imitate either in the reprobation of the other, believing that heaven is peopled with the humble and the conscientious out of every class of real Christians." II. 111.

In giving an account of the management of his daughters, Mr. Stanley says,

"Jane has a fine ear and a pretty voice, and will sing and play well enough for any girl who is not to make music her profession. One or two of the others sing agreeably. The little one, who brought you the last nosegay, has a strong turn for natural history: and we all of us generally botanize a little of an evening, which gives a fresh interest to our walk. She will soon draw plants and flowers pretty accurately. Louisa has also some taste for designing, and takes tolerable sketches from nature. These we encourage, because they are solitary pleasures, and want no witnesses..... Thus each girl is furnished with some one source of *independent amusement*." II. 123.

"While," says Mr. Stanley, "early habits of self-denial are giving firmness to the character, strengthening the texture of the mind, and hardening it against ordinary temptations, the pleasures and employments which we substitute in the place of those we banish, must be such as to raise the taste, to invigorate the intellect, to exalt the nature, and enlarge the sphere of enjoyment; to give a tone to the mind, and an elevation to the sentiments, which shall really reduce to insignificance the pleasures that are prohibited." 215.

In Mr. Stanley's neighbourhood was a family, consisting of a widow lady and her daughters, who had become gloomy and desponding, under erroneous impressions of religion. He waited on them with the benevolent view of affording them consolation, and restoring them to the enjoyments of society, which they appeared to have renounced. He gives the following account of his laudable efforts to exhilarate their spirits.

"We carried Lucilla and Phœbe to visit them. I believe Lady Aston was afraid of their gay countenances. I talked to her of the necessity of literature to inform her daughters, and of PLEASURES to enliven them. The term "pleasures" alarmed her still more than that of "literature." What pleasures were, she asked, allowed to religious people? She would make her daughters as happy as she dared without offending her Maker. I quoted the devout, but liberal Hooker, who exhorts us not to regard the Almighty as a captious sophist, but as a merciful Father. Were God a hard master, might he not withhold the superfluities of his goodness? Do you think he makes such rich provision for us, that we should shut our eyes and close our ears to them? Does he present such gifts with one hand, and hold, in the other, a stern interdict of "touch not, taste not, handle not?"—I suggested to her, to raise the tone of her daughters' piety, to make their habits less monastic, their tempers more cheerful, their virtues more active; to render their lives more useful, by making them the immediate instruments of her charity; to take them out of themselves, and teach them to compare their factitious distresses with real substantial misery, and to make them feel grateful for the power and the privilege of relieving it." 80.

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Stanley, "as to the absolute morality of being agreeable, and even entertaining in one's own family. Nothing so soon wears out the happiness of married persons, as that too common bad effect of familiarity, the sinking down into dulness and insipidity; neglecting to keep alive the flame by keeping the temper cheerful by Christian discipline, and the faculties bright by constant use. Mutual affection decays of itself, even where there is no great moral turpitude, without mutual endeavours, not only to improve, but to amuse. This," continued he, "is one of the greatest arts of home enjoyment. That it is so little prac-

tised accounts, in a good measure, for the undomestic turn of too many married persons. The man meets abroad with amusements, and the woman with attentions, to which they are not accustomed at home; whereas a capacity to please on the one part, and a disposition to be pleased on the other, in their own house, would make most visits appear dull. A woman, whose education has been rehearsal, will always be dull, except she lives on the stage, constantly displaying what she has been sedulously acquiring. Books, on the contrary, well-chosen books, do not lead to exhibition. The knowledge a woman acquires in private desires no witnesses; it improves herself, it embellishes her family society, it entertains her husband, it informs her children. The gratification is cheap, is safe, is always to be had at home." I. 169.

"The art of poetry," said Mr. Stanley, "is to touch the passions, and its duty to lead them on the side of virtue. To raise and purify the amusements of mankind, to multiply and exalt pleasures, which, being purely intellectual, may help to exclude such as are gross, in beings so addicted to sensuality, is surely not only to give pleasure, but to render service. It is surely allowable to seize every avenue to the heart of a being so prone to evil; to rescue him by every fair means not only from the degradation of vice, but the dominion of idleness."—II. 18.

Did my limits permit me, I might extend my quotations from the conversation of Mr. Stanley to many pages, all of this tenor, all breathing the same delightful spirit of sound sense, rational enjoyment, pure morality, and expansive benevolence. There is not in the whole book a single sentiment delivered by him, that warrants the charge of his being either "paltry or narrow"—or "thinking no Christian safe who is not dull." The charge is, like all the others, without even a shadow of foundation. To the candor of the reader I appeal, to decide upon the fair specimen which I have laid before him.

Mr. Stanley is a character of uncommon interest; as a father of a large family, on whose cultivation he devotes his care, and this on a system truly admirable, he calls forth the strongest sentiments of approbation from every reader. He is equally conspicuous in the character of a disinterested friend.

"*Lucilla is totally uninteresting.*" This is equally absurd with the rest. Lucilla Stanley is an elegant young woman, of first rate respectability; her every action displays beneficence and virtue—her every word benevolence, refinement, delicacy, and all that can charm or captivate, in that last and

"Fairest piece of heaven's workmanship."

Her time is devoted to the superintendance of the family—to the improvement of her mind—to spreading peace, happiness, and comfort

among the surrounding peasantry—to administering corporal relief to those whose physical wants require her aid—and to soothing the parting soul with

"Religion's all-reviving strains."

And although I have not a romantic idea of human perfection, I fondly hope there are numbers to be found who tread the same blessed path, and many who arrive at the same degree of perfection.

"Cœlebs is a clod, a dolt." After the proofs I have adduced of the folly or malice of the reviewer, I might pass this ridiculous charge over in silence: but I shall lay before the reader a few of the sentiments of Cœlebs, to enable him to decide how far he deserves to be styled "a clod, a dolt." When reflecting upon the choice of a wife,

"In such a companion," says he, "I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier. Yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I should not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her; because the chief comfort in a companion for life is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity.

"After this soliloquy I was frightened to think that so much was requisite: and yet when I began to consider in which article I could make any abatement, I was willing to persuade myself that my requisitions were moderate."—*Vol. I. p.* 20.

"The other family in which I thought I had secured an agreeable intimacy, I instantly deserted, on observing the gracious and engaging reception given by the ladies to more than one libertine of the most notorious profligacy. The men were handsome, and elegant, and fashionable; and had figured in newspapers, and courts of justice. This degrading popularity had rather attracted than repelled attention; and while *the guilty associates in their crimes were shunned with abhorrence by those very ladies*, the specious undoers were not only received with complaisance, but there was a sort of competition who should be most strenuous in their endeavours to attract them. Surely women of fashion can hardly make a more corrupt use of influence, a talent for which they will be peculiarly accountable. Surely mere personal purity can hardly deserve the name of virtue in those who can sanction notoriously vitious characters, whom their reprobation, if it could not reform, would degrade."—*Vol. I. p.* 45.

What think you, reader, of those sentiments of Cœlebs? Are they those of a dolt, a clod, or are they not the profound, just, and enlarged sentiments of a man of deep reflection, and most accurate discrimina-

tion? Would they not add to the well-earned laurels of a Samuel Johnson, or a Benjamin Franklin? They are, be assured, of the same cast as those advanced throughout the work by the "dolt" Cœlebs.

"Philippics against frugivorous children after dinner are too common." This is sheer nonsense, and does not convey the idea, which the critic intended. He meant "philippics against the devouring of fruit by children after dinner." This is not the only instance that proves the critic was resolved to find subject of censure in every part of the work. The fact is, that Mr. Stanley was opposed to introducing a number of boisterous children to the guests after dinner, to witness the bacchanalian scenes that then take place; to be forced to drink wine, and allowed to devour large quantities of fruit; besides disturbing the company by their clamour, as is too frequently the case. The children in his family were sent to the drawing-room with the ladies, who enjoyed their company, and held out no such temptation to excess as they would have met with in the dining-room. Let the candid reader decide between the amiable authoress, and her ill-natured Zoilus, on the correctness of this practice.

"Lady Melbury has been introduced into every novel,"—yes, reader, "into every novel for these four years last past." So says the critic: this is equally correct and just with the rest. There is hardly a character exactly like Mrs. Melbury, to be met with in any novel. But even if there were, what then? in a book intended to delineate human life and manners, it is impossible to follow nature, and have all the characters entirely new.

When I began, I intended to have gone into an examination of the whole of this critique, and to have pointed out its numerous errors, and total disregard of truth and justice. But I have already extended the subject so far, that I must pass over the chief part of the offensive matter, feeling confident that I have satisfied the reader, that Cœlebs has been treated with very uncommon injustice. I proceed to a much more agreeable task, to add a few extracts from the work itself, to induce such of my readers as have not yet had the pleasure of perusing it, to avail themselves of the first opportunity that offers, of procuring such a treasure.

"Let us endeavour to allure our youth of fashion from the low pleasures of the dissolute; to snatch them, not only from the destruction of the gaming table, but from the excesses of the dining table, by inviting them to an elegant delight that is safe, and especially by enlarging the pure range of mental pleasure.

"In order to do this, let us do all we can to cultivate their taste, and innocently indulge their fancy. Let us contend with impure writers, those

deadliest enemies to the youthful mind, by opposing to them in the chaster authors, images more attractive, wit more acute, learning more various; in all which excellencies our first rate poets certainly excel their vitious competitors."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

"Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men: but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female, who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck, called earth"—who despises order and regularity as indications of a groveling spirit. But a sound mind judges differently. A sensible woman loves to imitate the order which is stamped upon the whole creation of God. All the operations of nature are regular even in their changes, and regular in their infinite variety. Nay, the great Author of nature himself disdains not to be called the God of order."—Vol. ii. p. 91.

"In our friends, even in our common acquaintance, do we not delight to associate with those whose pursuits have been similar to our own—and who have read the same books? how dull do we find it when civility compels us to pass even a day with an illiterate man? shall we not then delight in the kindred acquirements of a dearer friend? shall we not rejoice in a companion who has drawn, though less copiously, perhaps, from the same rich sources with ourselves? who can relish the beauty we quote, and trace the allusion at which we hint? I do not mean that *learning* is absolutely necessary: but a man of taste who has an ignorant wife, cannot, in her company, think his own thoughts, nor speak his own language. His thoughts he will suppress—his language he will debase; the one from hopelessness, the other from fear. He must be continually lowering and diluting his meaning, in order to make himself intelligible. This he will do for the woman he loves—but in doing it, he will not be happy. She who cannot be entertained by his conversation, will not be convinced by his reasoning: and at length he will find out, that it is less troublesome to lower his own standard to hers, than to exhaust himself in the vain attempt to raise hers to his own."—Vol. ii. p. 120.

"A man of sense, when all goes smoothly, wants to be entertained; under vexation, to be soothed; in difficulties, to be counselled; in sorrow to be comforted."—Vol. i. p. 167.

"The reading of a cultivated woman commonly occupies less time than the music of a musical woman; or the idleness of an indolent woman; or the dress of a vain woman; or the dissipation of a fluttering woman. She is therefore more likely to have more leisure for her duties, as well as more inclination, and a sounder judgment for performing them.—Vol. i. 170.

"The woman, who, reposing under the laurels of her boasted virtue, allows herself to be a disobliging, a peevish, a gloomy, or discontented companion, defeats one great end of the institution, which is happiness. The wife who violates the marriage vow, is indeed more criminal: but the very magnitude of her crime emancipates her husband: while she who makes

him not dishonourable but wretched, fastens on him a misery for life, from which no laws can free him, and under which religion alone can support him."—Vol. i. p. 69.

I beg leave once more to revert to the reviewer. In closing his criticism, after he had employed his feeble weapons to destroy the work, he very inconsistently declares that he "bears testimony to the talents, the good sense, and the real piety of the writer. There occur, every now and then, in her productions very original and very profound observations. Her advice is very often characterized by the most amiable good sense, and conveyed in the most brilliant and captivating style." With this "good sense," these "talents," and that knowledge of human nature, which furnished these "very original and very profound observations," how excessively and singularly unfortunate must this lady have been, to have made every one of her chief characters so despicable as they are stated by this writer!

To conclude: Cœlebs is a work of great merit. It has been objected to it, that it is barren of incident. True, there is no intrigue—no excursion to Gretna Green—no seduction of married women, and abandonment by them of large families of helpless children,—no matter for Doctors' Commons, and suits for crim. con.—no enchanted castles—and none of the like trumpery, with which novels and romances teem. This trash is trite. It costs but little mind. A boarding-school miss, who had been a quarter of a year a subscriber to a circulating library, could write a novel of this kind. But the chief recommendation of the present work, and the highest recommendation that can be given of any literary production,—is its practical usefulness. There is no rank or class in society, but may derive advantage from a careful perusal of it. The characters are ably drawn, and well supported. Never was there a stronger reproof of the folly into which many people fall, of separating morality, or good works from religion, and making religion alone, independent of the aid of its indispensible attendant, all-sufficient. The style is in some few instances careless and defective, and wants a little more of the *limæ labor*. And the authoress is not very happy in her introduction of French phrases—"*her affairs are delabrés*," *&c. &c.* But there are specks in the sun: and the faults of this work are of that kind. Such is its excellence, that I entertain a hope, that when the crude effusions of the "beardless boys" who manage a part of the Edinburgh Review, are consigned to the gloomy caves of oblivion, Cœlebs will be a standard work, and read by our children with pleasure and profit.

I cannot resist the impulse of stating that it is a proud triumph and a proof of the correct taste and sound sense of the American people, that

while the booksellers' shelves groan under the weight of inferior works, Cœlebs, although first published in this country a few weeks since, has already undergone a third edition.

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*** The writer of "My Pocket Book," began two other sets of papers, "The Inquirer," and "The Monitor," which he intended to have continued regularly in conjunction with the present series. But from the increase of the correspondence of The Port Folio, and the consequent interruptions in the chain of connexion, he has been induced to combine the three sets into one—and introduce the whole of the matter intended for the others under the present head.

THE SENTENTIOUS, OR SERIOUS WORLD.

Concise maxims, like the following, if they do not always sparkle with wit are generally replete with wisdom. All of them deserve to be read, many of them deserve to be remembered.

TREAT every man with civility, but very few with familiarity. The advice of Polonius is admirable.

The theory of virtue is good, but the practice is a great deal better.

If your son is incorrigibly vicious, the army or the navy are the best schools you can send him to.

Before you can be considered as a man of sound judgment, you must be able to see an object in every point of view, and then without partiality, to give a clear and decisive opinion.

Nothing teaches the method of detecting cheats with so much certainty as the knowledge of slight of hand. Without jesting, the noted Breslaw would have made an excellent magistrate.

Give praise where praise is due, but deal out censure with a sparing hand.

Pay your debts of sin at different times. A death-bed repentance is too great a sum to pay at once.

If you are a wise man, turn your literary labours to account; and if you are rich, you will find poor in abundance to take off your profits.

When you mean to do a good action, do not deliberate about it.

Never go into company when you are drunk, unless you know that the company is as drunk as yourself.

When you have many strangers at table, avoid introducing a forward blustering man. His noise and nonsense will effectually seal up the mouths of the company, and you will have the mortification of passing an unpleasant day from your own want of discernment.

When you are at another person's table, never call for bread, beer, or wine, in an authoritative manner.

Truth is clothed in white. But a lie comes forth with all the colours of the rainbow.

It is observed that in those countries where God does most for man, that man does least for himself.

Before you make a promise, consider well its importance, and when made, engrave it upon the tablet of your heart.

A woman without a heart, has generally a good heart, which serves her to plague every person who is so unfortunate as to have any concern with her.

Eat and drink with moderation, keep the body open, rise early, take moderate exercise, and you will have little occasion for the doctor.

Where there is one man honest from principle, there are ten men honest from prudence.

It is often more politic to give money than to lend it.

A wife, who is only mistress of a frivolous style of conversation, is a poor companion over a dull fire in a long winter's evening, *unless her husband be as foolish as herself.*

When a woman means to engage in a second marriage, having young children dependent upon her, she ought to make an honourable and suitable provision for them, previous to her intended *act of folly.*

A dull man, who reads a great deal and has a retentive memory may be an instructive companion for a lively youth, who wishes to be thought learned without the trouble of reading.

What a time-serving man gains by assiduity, he loses in reputation.

We can bear with a man who is only peevish when the wind is in the east; but it is intolerable to live with a man who is peevish in every point of the compass.

Keep to your parish church, though your parson may be a blockhead.

When you are about doing a dishonourable act, consider what the world will think of you when it is completed.

Obstinacy and Ignorance are twins.

Without the free use of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, man could not possibly exist. And yet he is at perpetual variance with three of them. It rains too much, the air is foggy, and the heat of the sun is intolerable.

We are never contented but when our wishes are gratified, and yet what a strange world would it be if all our wishes were to be gratified.

Your future character in life greatly depends on the company you associate with at the university. The idlers flock about a fresh man like so many recruiting serjeants.

Man, with all his skill and industry, is to be told that in skill and industry, he is outdone by the humblebee, whose labours are regular and incessant.

We ought not to behold the sun with indifference, for were he suddenly withdrawn from our system, all nature would instantly become a solid mass of ice, which would remain so, till the day of general conflagration.

Were it possible for us to examine the human body through the skin and integuments as a watchmaker does a watch, we should be struck with astonishment at so much wonderful machinery, confined in so small compass.

A good countenance is a letter of recommendation, though an irregular set of features should not always raise our prejudice.

Chew a bit of anchovy, and it will instantly restore the tone of voice, when lost by public speaking.

An artful woman soon gets the better of an artless man. The story of Sampson and Delilah is managed with extreme delicacy.

When you make a visit of ceremony, take care not to make it too long.

A vulgar way of speaking, loud talking, and an awkward display of his person, make a young man appear in an unfavourable light.

A man who takes the trouble of writing a book, should take the further trouble of making a good index for the benefit of reviewers, who have occasion to look no further.

A lie in a newspaper makes two paragraphs.

It is with men as with barrels, the emptiest make the most sound.

From habit the fingers are taught to run rapidly over a musical instrument. May not habit be made to do the same thing with the imagination.

It is a great misfortune to be tired of home.

The atmosphere is a compound; and as its component parts are different in different countries, the air, of necessity, becomes healthy or otherwise.

THE LAUGHING WORLD.

THE russet leaves of autumn falling fast on the plain, the moaning of sullen night winds, and all the presages of gloom and desolation, and winter now conspiring to make *melancholy man* still more melancholy, it imports us, by every laudable device, to dispel the influence of the depressing Power of the Season. Spleen, assisted by Autumn, too often exhibits before the terrified eye a dismal *Phantasmagoria* of hideous objects, and the tortured heart shrinks at the horrible spectacle. Let us avert our regards from these phantoms of terror, and console ourselves in the absence of jocund Spring and Summer, with the company of Wit and Merriment, those boon companions, who, in the decline and even the darkness of the year, are always as lively as Youth, and as brilliant as Hesper. Seated before ruddy fires, surrounded by mirthful friends, and illuminated by the lamps of Radiance, let us *laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair*, and *chuckle* over Drollery, like the following, which, trust us, gentle readers, will cause you to forget the decay of the year, and the flight of Time.

QUIZZICAL CRITIQUE ON THE SONG OF "BILLY TAYLOR."

"Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri:
"Telephus ac Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque
"Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba
"Si curat cor spectantis, tetigisse querela."

Hor. Art Poet.

I hope that I shall not appear to degrade the office of criticism by making a ballad the subject of it, especially since that now before me is of so excellent a nature. If it is objected to, I must shelter myself under the authority of Addison, who has written a critique on Chevy-Chace, to which, I venture to affirm, this ballad is infinitely superior. That I may not appear too presumptuous in my assertion, let us proceed to the examination of this justly celebratedpoem. I call it a poem—I had almost called it an epic, seeing it has a beginning, middle and end: the action is one, namely the death of the hero Taylor: it is replete with character, and full of sentiment, not delivered with the laboured declamation of Lucan, but suggested by incidents the most interesting and touching. Let us first examine it verse by verse. The author has no tedious prelude, not even an invocation; but, like Homer, immediately enters into the middle of his subject, and in a few words gives us the name, character and amour of his hero. Observe the gayety of the opening:—

"Billy Taylor was a brisk young feller,
"Full on mirth and full on glee."

How admirably, how judiciously is this jocund beginning contrasted with the melancholy sequel! how affecting to the reader's feelings when he reflects how soon Billy's joy will be damped! Unhappy Taylor!—Let us proceed to the next lines:—

"And his mind he did diskiver
"To a lady fair and free."

Taylor was a bold youth; he feared not to tell his mind to the lady; he did not stand shilly-shally, like a whimpering lover. But we are here presented with a new character, a lady fair and free. Some commentators have thought that she was a lady of easy virtue, from the epithet free; and indeed the violence of her love and jealousy seems to favour the suspicion: but let us not be too severe; free may signify no more than that she was of a cheerful disposition, and thus of the same temper with her lover: *concordes animæ!* Thus far all is pleasant and delightful; but the scene is now changed,—and sorrow succeeds to joy.

"Four and twenty brisk young fellers,
"Drest they vas in rich array,
"They kim and they seized Billy Taylor
"Press'd he vas, and sent to sea."

Taylor, the brisk, the mirthful Taylor is pressed and sent to sea. I cannot help observing here the art of the poet in letting us into the condition of Taylor; we may guess from his being pressed that he was not free of the city, and was most likely a journeyman-cobler, coblers being famous for their glee. I will not positively say he was a cobler: Scaliger thinks he was a lamplighter; "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*" But to proceed—Taylor is on boardship: what does his true-love?

"His true-love she followed arter,
"Under the name of Richard Car;
"And her hands were all bedaubed
"With the nasty pitch and tar."

Many ladies would have comforted themselves with other lovers; not so Billy's mistress, she follows him; she enters the ship under the name of Richard Car. She condescends to daub her lilly-white hands with the pitch and tar. What excessive love, and how ill rewarded! I have two things to remark here. 1. Her disregard of herself in daubing her hands. When I consider a lady in Juvenal who did the same, I am led to think she was Billy's mistress. But then Billy disregards her; this makes me think again she was his wife. Yet perhaps not; Billy had now got another mistress. 2. The second observation is upon the name she assumes, Richard Car. Commentators are much divided upon this head; why she chose that name in preference to any other. I must confess they talk rather silly on this topic; I conjecture the name was given here because it was a good rhyme to tar: this is no mean or inconsiderable reason, as the poets will all testify. But let the reader decide this at his leisure; let us now proceed:—

"An engagement came on the very next morning:
"Bold she fit among the rest:
"The wind aside did blow her Jacket,
"And diskivered her lily-white breast."

Here was a trial for the lady: but she sustained it; she fought boldly, fought like a man. But mark the sequel; the wind blows aside her Jacket; her lily-white breast is exposed to the lawless gaze of the sailors! Here was a sight! no doubt it inspired them with double valour and gained them a victory; for they certainly were victorious, though the poet judiciously passes over this inferior topic, and hastens to his main subject.

The captain gains intelligence of her heroism, or, in the musical simplicity of the original, "kims for to know it:" with honest bluntness he exclaims, "Vat vind has blown you to me?" The character of the sea-captain is well supported: he does not say, "how came you here?" but in the characteristic language of his profession, "vat vind has blown you to me?" The classical reader will be pleased also with the similarity this expression bears to a passage in the Æneid; it is in the speech of Andromache to Æneas on a like occasion of surprise:

"Sed tibi qui cursum venti, quæ fata dedere?
"Aut quisquam ignarum nostris Deus appulit oris?"

It must be confessed, that the Latin is more pompous, perhaps more elegant; but what it gains in refinement, it loses in simplicity. The chief thing however to be remarked is, that the same language always suggests itself on the same occasions. But let us attend to the lady's answer:

"Kind sir; I be kim for to seek my true-love,
"Vhom you press'd and sent to sea."

The pathos of this speech is inimitable. Observe with what art, or rather with what nature, it is worked up, so as to interest the feelings of the captain. First let us take a view of the speaker; a woman, and her breast diskivered: she begins with, "Kind sir," which shows the gentleness of her disposition, and that she forgave the captain though he had pressed her true-love: she proceeds, "I be kim for to seek my true-love:" who could resist this affecting narration? A lady braving the dangers of the sea and an engagement, to seek her true-love! The last line has suggested to the commentators that the captain had headed the press-gang himself. This is a matter of too much consequence for me to decide. But what effect has the speech on the rugged nerves of the captain? All that could be expected and desired. He breaks out—observe the art of the poet!—no frigid preface of "he said," "he exclaimed," but, like Homer, he gives us the speech at once—

"If you be kim for to seek your true-love,
"He from the ship is gone away;
"And you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,
"Valking vith his lady gay."

The captain's feelings are taken by storm; he makes a full discovery of the retreat of the youth, and the company in which he is to be found. Some have thought it very odd that the captain should be so well informed of Billy's re-

treat and company; and are of opinion that he connived at it: but the captain might from his knowledge of human nature, and especially of sailors' nature, guess where and in what company Billy would be. Let not then the honest tar be condemned. As the poet has put down none, we may suppose the lady to be too much oppressed to make any answer to a speech so cutting and afflicting. Overwhelmed with anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge, she could not speak. Admirable poet, who so well knew nature! "parvæ curæ loquuntur, ingentes silent:" and is not this silence more eloquent, more expressive, nay more awful, than all the angry words that could have been uttered? It is the silence before the tempest: the awful stillness of revenge and death.

"She rose up early in the morning,
"Long before 'twas break of day."

Mark the impatience of revenge! she will not even wait till day-break; she gets (as we may suppose, though it is not declared,) leave of absence, and goes on shore,

"And she found false Billy Taylor,
"Valking vith his lady gay."

Infamous Billy Taylor! while your mistress was braving for you the dangers of the ocean, you were revelling in the arms of another! But your hour is come! The character of Billy is inimitably well supported throughout, or, as Horace says,—

"Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constat."

'Tis true, he deserts his mistress; but 'tis for a lady of similar disposition; it is a lady *gay* with whom he walks: thus, though he is false, he shows himself *full of mirth:* he is still Billy Taylor. Mark the artifice of the poet! Like Virgil who drops the epithet "pious" on a similar occasion, the poet here calls Billy by the appropriate epithet "false." There is an elegance and simplicity perfectly Homeric in the repetition of the line, "Valking with his lady gay."

"Strait she call'd for swords and pistols,
"Brought they vas at her command."

Let not the sceptical reader sneer, and ask where she got, or who brought the swords and pistols. Some kind deity willing to assist the purposes of her just revenge interposed, and brought her arms. Surely Horace would allow that this was "dignus vindice nodus." But to proceed:—

"She fell on shooting Billy Taylor
"Vith his lady in his hand."

Here is an interesting incident! here a melancholy subject! what a scene for a picture! On one side, a lady impelled by jealousy with a discharged pistol in her hand, and a face expressive of the triumph of revenge; on the other, Billy Taylor, stretched on the cold ground, with his hand in that of his lady,

now we may suppose no longer gay, and perhaps weeping! Observe, Billy died in the situation in which Tibullus wished to die: he held his mistress, "*deficiente manu.*"* O! come here all ye young men! ye Billy Taylors, for the world is full of you! ye deserters of true-lovers, ye walkers with ladies gay, come here and contemplate! Taylor who a few days before was gay like you, is now alas "stone dead," or, to use the pathetic and expressive language of Falstaff—who by the bye, was like Billy, a gay deceiver—is now no better than a "shotten herring!"

"When the Captain he kim for to know it;
"He very much applauded her for what she had done."

From this passage, some have taken occasion to accuse the captain of a connivance with Billy's escape and connexion with a lady gay, that he might enjoy Billy's first mistress. But surely this is unfounded: the captain saw this mistress of Billy's by chance alone; and could not therefore be supposed to have a longing for a lady whom he had never seen till Billy had left the ship. Some have also accused the captain of cruelty, for applauding the lady for killing her lover. But these are unfounded and calumnious charges: it was a love of justice which induced the captain to applaud her: not that I positively say, that he might not also be swayed by the lady's beauty. The vehemence of the captain's applause is admirably displayed by the quantity of dactyls in the second line of this stanza. Let us proceed:—

"And he made her first lieutenant
"Of the valiant Thunder-bomb."

Many are shocked at the apparent indifference of the lady; and foolishly condemn the poet for inconsistency. Such ignorant critics know nothing of the matter. Our poet, who is the poet of nature, did not mean to draw a perfect character, a "sine labe monstrum," but, like Homer and Euripides, which latter he greatly resembles in his tenderness of expression, draws men and woman such as they are. Still there is another objection started: how could a woman be made a lieutenant? It must be confessed that though such things are not entirely unprecedented, that they are very singular: some have therefore thought this a decent allegory of the poet to express that she was the captain's chief-mistress, his sultana; and we must remember that she was a free lady, and after the murder she had committed glad of the *protection* of a captain. I hope the ladies will not be offended at this interpretation, and since a recent inquiry, will pardon me the expression that conveys it.

It remains now to say something concerning the sentiments, characters, incidents, moral, and diction, of the poem, and, πρωτων απο πρωτων, let us speak of the sentiments. These, as I observed before, are not like Lucan's, obtruded upon the reader, but suggested by incidents. For instance, does not the circumstance of the lady's going to sea after her true-love suggest more than the most laboured declamation on the force of love? When the

* Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.

captain is melted by the pathetic address, and lily-white breast of the lady, is it not clearly and expressively intimated how great is the power of weeping beauty pleading in a good cause, over even the boisterous nature of a sailor? Again, when the lady shoots Billy Taylor, what a fine sentiment is to be discovered here of the power of jealousy? and in the death of Billy contrasted with his former gayety, who is there whose soul is of so iron a mould as not to be touched by the implied sentiment of the short-livedness of human pleasure and enjoyment, when even the gay Taylor is overtaken by fate? This is a most masterly piece of nature; and I venture to pronounce that the man who is uninterested by it must have been born on Caucasus and nursed by she-wolves. I come now to the characters; and here it is that the chief art of the poet is displayed. It is wonderful to observe how many and how different characters are to be found in this short poem. To say nothing of the four and twenty "fellers" who are admirably characterized by the epithet "brisk;" we have the mirthful Taylor and the rugged sea-captain, the lady fair and free, and the lady gay. It may be objected that there is too great a sameness in the female characters: but no; the lady fair and free is brave and revengeful; the lady gay is simply gay, a mere insipid character, and introduced by the poet no doubt as a contrast to the turbulent and busy character of the other lady. The boisterous captain is a well-drawn and well-supported character. He is rugged, honest blunt, illiterate and gallant. But it is the character of the hero Taylor, which is drawn and sustained with the most art and nature. In the first place he is brave, although some have contradicted this, by saying that he did not go to sea voluntarily but was pressed, and then run away the night before the engagement. But I will not believe he was a coward: no; let the critics remember that Ulysses did not go voluntarily to the Trojan war, and was always willing to escape when he could; and yet surely he was a hero.—Thus have I proved the bravery of Taylor. He had also other requisites for a hero; he was amorous, like Achilles and Æneas, and he deserted his love like the latter. Then he was brisk and gay. I do not remember any hero exactly of this character. To be sure, Achilles laughs once in the Iliad, and Æneas in the Æneid; but it does not appear to have been the general character of either of them, and especially of the latter, who was a whimpering sort of hero. It does not appear that Taylor resembled Æneas in piety; but that is a silly kind of antiquated virtue, of which heroes of modern days would be ashamed, and which our poet has most judiciously omitted in the catalogue of Billy's qualities. Again, he resembles the heroes of antiquity in his untimely end, and in the cause of it—a woman. Thus Achilles was shot in the heel; Ulysses was killed, though not very prematurely, by his son; Æneas was drowned like a dog in a ditch; and Alexander was poisoned. Then as to the cause: Sampson (though to be sure the polite reader will call that fabulous, and think me a fool for quoting such an old wife's tale) owed his death to a woman; Agamemnon was even killed by a woman; Hippolitus lost his life by a woman; so did Bellerephon; and Antony lost the world and his life too by a woman. Upon the whole Billy's is a

mixed sort of character, composed of good and bad qualities, in which, according to the established character of heroes, the bad predominate. Thus, in the character of Achilles, it would be difficult to find a single good quality: he is "impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer," and a great deal more of the same sort. Æneas is indeed pious; but then he is a perfidious deserter of an injured lady; he invades a country where he has no right, and kills the man who has the audacity to oppose the usurper of his own throne, and the ravisher of his own wife. And as to Alexander, he was a mere brute: he overthrew cities, as children overthrow houses made of cards, for his mere amusement; and, like the same children, wept when he had no more to knock down: he killed some millions of men, for the same reason that country 'squires shoot swallows, for exercise, and because they have nothing else to do: and, in the time of peace and conviviality, he slew two of his best friends, merely to keep his hand in practice. Compared to these heroes, Billy is a perfect saint: and indeed I have often thought that he is too good for a hero; and that a few rapes, and thefts, and murders, would have made a very proper and interesting addition to his character. As to the incidents, I shall merely observe that they are numerous, well-chosen, interesting, and natural. Let me next speak of the moral to be drawn from the poem. Whether the poet, according to Bossu's rule, and Homer's and Æsop's practice, chose the moral first, I cannot pretend to say, though some, who resolve the whole poem into an allegory, favour that opinion. Certain it is, the moral is excellent, the ill effects of inconstancy; and I am sure the fair sex will be obliged to the poet's gallantry. There are also some of what I may call collateral truths to be derived from the poem; such as not to trust too much to prosperity, exemplified in the mirth and downfall of Taylor; and the reward of virtue, in the lady's being made a first lieutenant. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the diction, or, to speak metaphorically, the dress in which the story is clothed. It has all the requisites of a good style; it is concise, perspicuous, simple, and occasionally sublime. The poetry is not of that tumid nature which Pindar uses, but of the graceful simplicity of Homer's verse. The poet has diversified the language by the intermixture of the Doric dialect, in imitation of the Greek tragedians; of this kind are the expressions, *vat vind*, *diskivered*, *I be kim*, and *for to know*. But what strikes me most is, the solemn, mournful, and pathetic beauty of the chorus, *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido*. The αι, αι, and φευ, φευ, of Euripides and Sophocles, the εεεε and οτο το τοι τοτοι of Æschylus, are comparatively frigid and tasteless. Yes; this *Tol lol de rol de riddle iddle ido* is so exquisitely tender, and so musically melancholy, that I dare affirm, that the mind and ear that are not sensibly affected with it, are barbarous, tasteless, and incapable of relishing beauty or harmony.

THE POET AND PAINTER COMPARED.

ONE of the most admirable of Dryden's prose performances, is a dedication to the duke of Dorset, in which runs a very elegant parallel between the sister arts of Painting and Poesy. We earnestly advise the polite scholar, after he shall have finished the perusal and *meditation* of the ensuing essay, to refer to Dryden's celebrated tract, where may be found specimens of beautiful language and brilliant imagery, and of wit, always sparkling, if not of argument, always convincing. But although this far famed parallel is a splendid monument of the genius and acuteness of its author, we think its glory is not a little eclipsed by the talents of a more modern writer, who has maintained the *superiority* of the Painter to the Poet, we think, with a force of logic which cannot be defeated. The old, and as it was imagined, the settled opinion among the amateurs, was the very reverse of the present thesis. The reflecting reader will please to remark, that the author of the subsequent article is one of the most eminent of the royal academicians,* that his reputation as a painter is singularly excellent, and that in a late literary publication, the legitimate offspring of taste and genius, his *poetry* emulates that of POPE, and his prose is not less eloquent than that of BURKE. He paints and speaks and writes with consummate ability. We think him a very impartial judge, and he is indubitably a most eloquent advocate. He who is not convinced by our author's reasoning, will certainly be dazzled and delighted by the splendor of his fancy, the beauty of his illustrations, and the elegance of his style. For our own part, we do not hesitate to declare that it would puzzle all the poets, in verses eitheir logical or epigrammatic, to successfully demolish, or deride the hypothesis of our accomplished painter. EDITOR.

WHAT has been said of madness may also be said of painting, there is a pleasure in it which none but painters know. The painter enjoys moments of delight in the practice of his art, if he truly loves it, which more than compensate for its anxieties, and cheer with a ray of consolation even the gloom of neglect and obscurity.

Accustomed to direct his attention to all that is picturesque and beautiful in nature or in art; in form, character and sentiment, his ideas are exalted, his feelings are refined beyond the comprehension of common minds, or the attainment of ordinary occupations; he is, as it were, led into a new world, and looks around him with an eye conscious of the wonders he beholds; he is an enlightened spectator in the vast theatre of the universe, un-

* Martin Archer Shee, Esq.

der whose critical eye the great drama of human life is performed; he observes, with discriminating accuracy, the actions, passions and characters, the manners, scenery and situations; and though the wants of nature, and the duties of society oblige him to mingle occasionally in the busy group before him, yet the world is not his element; he is not at home on the stage of active life; his mind is ever struggling to escape the chains of common incident, and soaring to those heights of abstracted contemplation, from which he may view the actors and the scene with the calmness of a looker-on.

The painter derives pleasure from a thousand sources which are not only unknown to

"The plodding herd, of coarser clay compos'd:"

but even generally unappreciated by the most enlightened minds devoted to other occupations; his art may be said to furnish him with a new sense, through which new qualities appear to exist in things; objects are invested with new splendors, and the whole face of nature seems to wear an appropriate charm, whether dressed

In smiles or frowns, in terrors or in tears.

Beyond the poet in the strength of his conceptions as well as in the force and fidelity with which they are expressed, he is more alive to what passes around him; external objects take a stronger hold of his imagination; the impressions of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity, sink deeper into his soul. His art, estimated according to its noblest examples, considered in every view of mental or manual ability, appears to be the most arduous enterprize of taste, and, without injustice to other pursuits, may be termed the most extraordinary operation of human genius; in its theory and principles unfolding the most subtle refinements of the intellectual power, in its practice displaying the most dextrous achievement of mechanical skill.

The only character, indeed, that can pretend to rank with the painter in the great scale of human ingenuity, is the poet: but *he* has not been satisfied with equality, he has commonly contended for a higher station, and having been usually judge and jury in the cause, he has always taken care to decide it in his own favour. Yet an impartial investigation, by abilities competent to the task, of the powers displayed in both arts; of the qualities from nature and education which they respectively require, would, perhaps, amend the record, if not reverse the decree. What is there of *intellectual* in the operations of the poet, which the painter does not equal? What is there of *mechanical* which he does not surpass? He is also one "cui sit ingenium, cui mens divinior." The "os magna sonaturum" indeed, is not his; but he has a language more general, more eloquent, more animated; as much more arduous in its attainment as it is more extraordinary in its effect. Where their arts resemble, the painter keeps his level with the poet; where they differ, he takes a more elevated ground.

The advantages which poetry possesses over painting, in continued narration and successive impression, cannot be advanced as a peculiar merit of the poet, since it results from the nature of language, and is common to prose.

The eye of the painter is required to be as much more sensible and acute than the eye of the poet, as the accuracy of him who imitates should exceed that of him who only describes. What is the verbal expression of a passion compared to its visible presence; the narration of an action to the action itself brought before your view. What are the "verba ardentia" of the poet to the breathing beauties, the living lustre of the pencil, rivalling the noblest productions of nature, expressing the characteristics of matter and mind, the powers of soul, the perfection of form, the brightest bloom of colour, the golden glow of light? Can the airy shadows of poetical imagery be compared to the embodied realities of art?

Where the poet cursorily observes, the painter intensely studies. What the one carries loosely in his memory, the other stamps upon his soul. The forms and combinations of things, the accidents of light and colour, the relations of distance and degree, the passions, proportions and properties of men and animals; all the phenomena of "the visible diurnal sphere," the painter must treasure up in his mind in clear, distinct, indelible impressions, and with the powers of a magician call them up at a moment's warning like spirits from "the vasty deep" of his imagination,

"To do his bidding, and abide his will."

From the nature of the medium through which the poet operates, he has an advantage over the painter, which considerably facilitates his progress. As verse is constructed of language, modified by number and measure, the poet may be said to pursue, in some degree, a preparatory course of study from his cradle; he never talks but he may be considered as sharpening his tools and collecting his materials; his instrument is never out of his hands, and whether he reads, writes, or converses, he exercises his faculties in a way that appears to have a direct reference to his art, and to be a prelude to his performance.

The painter, on the other hand, makes use of a medium that has no analogy to speech, no connexion with any of his ordinary habits or acquirements; his art speaks a language of the most uncommon construction, and most comprehensive influence; demanding the unremitting application of a life to produce that facility of expression, that fluency of graphic utterance, by which only he can hope to address himself effectually to the passions and understandings of men.

If to become familiar with the writings of the ancients, to comprehend their beauties and compose in their language be the proudest attainments of the scholar and the poet; how much more worthy of admiration is the skill of him who pours forth his ideas in the glowing language of nature! who

becomes familiar with all her beauties, who learns by heart all her characters, though numerous and varied to an extent that reduces the amplitude of the Chinese tongue to a contracted alphabet; and who can trace them through all their combinations, from the simplest blade of grass in the field, to the most complex example of her power, in that Alpha and Omega of her hand, the hieroglyphic miracle, man.

Such instances of premature excellence as we often see with surprise in the other pursuits of genius are entirely unknown in the annals of painting; the difficulties of his art, while they condemn the painter to unremitting exertion, at least spare him the mortification of finding himself outdone by rivals from the school-room or the nursery: no spring from inspired infancy, no sallies of premature vigor can snatch from his astonished hopes those wreaths, which are never yielded but to the patient energies of time and toil.

The citadel of an art is not to be taken by a coup de main; no forced march of the faculties can surprise it; we must besiege it in form, proceed by regular approaches, and depend more on persevering, vigilant investment than sudden or violent assault.

The head and the hand are required to act with such equal influence, the intellectual and mechanical to combine in such cordial cooperation, that the most exalted genius must submit in the arts to be indebted to long and laborious application for those powers, which no precocious ability can attain.

If we remark the different periods at which poetry and painting have respectively adorned the progress of society it may still further illustrate the characters of the two arts. Poetry appears to be the first powerful product of human genius,* painting the last and most delicate of its offspring. The one is a plant that shoots up, often to its greatest luxuriance, in the open field of society; the other a flower never produced till the soil has been long laboured and purified, till the field has been converted into a garden.

Poetry attained to its greatest perfection in times comparatively simple and rude, when man was little more than emerging from the shepherd to the agricultural state. Hesiod poured forth his strains while tending his flocks on Mount Helicon, and Homer exhausted all the treasures of the Muse some ages before the combined operations of Nature and Cultivation had produced an Apelles, a Parrhasius, or a Zeuxis.

The works of taste seem to be performed by the last and highest process of the human intellect, when in the full maturity and expansion of its powers, sifted and refined through a long succession of ages: they are enjoyments only to be obtained, when a full supply of all our coarser necessities

* Voltaire, Age of Louis XIV. remarks "such has been the fate of the human mind, in all countries, that verse has every where been the first child of Genius, and the parent of Eloquence."

has impelled us to look for higher gratification; when long possession of the useful has excited a demand for the ornamental, and ease has left us leisure for elegance.

Great poets, like the stars of the morning, are often seen to shine in the early dawn of cultivation, great painters gild the horizon of society only in its meridian blaze.

The influence of the poet is more general, more commanding, more important in the great concerns of life; but the task of the painter appears more arduous, is more out of the high road of human ability, and demands a more extraordinary combination of natural and acquired powers.

The painter may be said to unite the talents of the poet and the actor; he composes the scene, and fills up the characters of the drama; he realizes the visions of Fancy, and not only recalls the exploits of antiquity, but revives the heroes by whom they were performed.

His are the superiorities of Imitation over Description, of Sensation over Reflection: he writes in the characters of Nature the language of Action and Expression, and approaches nearest to the powers of the Creator in the noblest imitation of his works.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

(*Continued from page* 278.)

ALL day up winding solitudes we past,
Steep hung o'er steep, as if at random cast;
Through every opening tow'ring groups were seen
Pil'd to the clouds, with horrid gulfs between;
Thus (as the bard of old creation sings,
'Mongst other marvellous scenes and mighty things),
When squabbling angels rais'd in heav'n a rout,
And hills, uprooted, flew like hail about,

Thus look'd, in those tremendous days of yore,
Their field of battle when the fight was o'er,
Impending cliffs, with ruin'd woods o'ergrown,
And mountains headlong over mountains thrown.
One vast pre-eminent ascent we scal'd,
And high at last its level summit hail'd,
There, as we trod along fatigued and slow,
Through parting woods the clouds appear'd below,
And lo! at once before our ravish'd view,
A scene appear'd astonishing and new.
Close on the brink of an abyss we stood,
Conceal'd till now by the impending wood,
Below, at dreadful depth, the river lay,
Shrunk to a brook 'midst little fields of hay;
From right to left, where'er the prospect led,
The reddening forest like a carpet spread,
Beyond, immense, to the horizon's close,
Huge amphitheatres of mountains rose.
Charm'd with this spot, our knapsacs we resign'd,
And here, like gods, in airy regions din'd;
Like gods of old the cordial cup we quaff'd,
Sung songs to Liberty, and jok'd and laugh'd;
Huzza'd aloud—then listen'd from on high
If haply slumbering Echo would reply,
A long dead pause ensued——at once the sound
In tenfold shouts from distant hills rebound;
Not Polyphemus' self e'er louder roar'd,
When burning goads his monstrous visage gor'd.
Huzza! huzza! the echoing mountains cry;
Huzza! huzza! more distant hills reply,
And still more distant, till the faint huzza,
In lessening shouts, successive, died away,
Surpriz'd, astonish'd! heedless of our meal
We seiz'd our muskets for a nobler peal,
Fill'd their dark bowels with the glistening grain,
And, facing, pointed to the extended scene,
Then at the word their fiery thunders pour'd,
That through the wide expanse impetuous roar'd.
Deep silence hung————The loud returning roar
From bellowing mountains thunders o'er and o'er;
Peal after peal successive bursts away,
And rolls tremendous o'er the face of day;

From hill to hill the loud responses fly,
And in the vast horizon lessening die.*
Thus from Olympus, o'er a prostrate world,
The fabl'd Jove his bolts imperious hurl'd;
Earth heard, and echoed back the peals profound,
And heaven's exalted regions shook around.
With deep reluctance, ne'er to be forgot,
And many a lingering look, we left this spot,
Since call'd *Olympus*, worthier of the name
Than that so blazon'd by the trump of fame.
Ye souls! whom nature's glorious works delight,
Who chance to pass o'er this stupendous height,
Here turn aside; and, if serene the day,
This cliff sublime will all your toils repay,
Here regions wide your ravish'd eye will meet,
Hills, rivers, forests, lying at your feet:
Here to COLUMBIA make your muskets roar,
While heaven's artillery thunders back *encore*.
'Twas now dull twilight, trudging on we keep,
Where giddy Breakneck nods above the steep;
And down the darkening forest slowly steer,
Where woods, receding, show'd a dwelling near,
A painted frame, tall barracks filled with hay,
Clean white-wash'd railings rais'd along the way,
Young poplars, mix'd with weeping willows green,
Rose o'er the gate, and fring'd the walk within;
An air of neatness, gracing all around,
Bespoke that courtesy we so quickly found;
The aged Judge, in grave apparel dress'd,
To cushion'd chairs invites each weary guest;

* This echo may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of this part of the country. After more than a quarter of a minute had elapsed, the sound was reverberated with astonishing increase, at least ten successive times, each time more and more remote, till at last it seemed to proceed from an immense distance. The word, or words were distinctly articulated; as if giants were calling to one another from mountain to mountain. When our guns were discharged at once, the effect was still more astonishing, and I scarcely believe, that a succession of broadsides from a train of seventy-fours, at like distances, in any other place, would have equalled it. The state of the atmosphere was very favourable; and the report roared along the clouds in one continued peal.

O'er the rich carpet bids the table rise,
With all the sweets that India's clime supplies;
And supper served with elegance, the glass,
In sober circuit was allowed to pass.
The reverend sire, with sons and grandsons round,
Ruddy as health, by summer suns embrown'd,
Inquires our road and news with modest mein,
Tells of the countries he himself had seen;
His Indian battles, midnight ambuscades;
Wounds and captivity in forest glades,
And with such winning, interesting store,
Of wild-wood tales and literary lore,
Beguiled the evening and engaged each heart,
That though sleep summoned, we were loathe to part;
And ev'n in bed reposed, the listening ear
Seem'd still the accents of the sage to hear.
  The morning came; ye gods! how quickly hies
To weary folks the hour when they must rise!
Groping around we fix our various load,
And full equipp'd forth issue to the road;
Inured to toil, the woods slide swiftly past;
O'er many an opening farm our eyes we cast.
Here rich flat meadows most luxuriant lie,
Some glowing orchards gladly we espy,
Full-loaded peach trees drooping hung around,
Their mellow fruit thick scatter'd o'er the ground;
Six cents procured us a sufficient store,
Our napkins crammed and pockets running o'er;
Delicious fare! Nor did we prize them less
Than Jews did manna in the wilderness.
Still journeying on, the river's brink we keep,
And pass the *Narrow*'s high and dangerous steep,
That to the clouds like towering Atlas soars
While deep below the parted river roars,
Beyond its eastern stream, on level lands,
There Athens (once Tioga) straggling stands;
Unlike that Athens known in days of old,
Where Learning found more worshippers than gold,
Here waste, unfinished, their sole school-house lies,
While pompous taverns all around it rise.
  Now to the left the ranging mountains bend,
And level plains before us wide extend,

Where rising lone, old Spanish-Hill,† appears,
The post of war in ancient unknown years;
Its steep and rounding sides with woods embrowned,
Its level top with old entrenchments crowned;
Five hundred paces thrice we measure o'er,
Ere all their circling boundaries we explore;
Now overgrown with woods, alone it stands,
And looks abroad o'er open fertile lands.
Here on the works we ruminating lay,
Till sudden darkness muffled up the day;
The threatening storm soon drove us to the plain,
And on we wandered through the woods again.
For many a mile through forests deep we pass'd,
Till girdled trees rose to the view at last;
The fence and field successively appear,
And jumbling cowbells speak some cottage near;
Anon the sounding axe, the yelping dogs,
The ploughman's voice, the sight of snorting hogs,
And sudden opening on the ravish'd eye,
Green fields, green meadows, gardens, orchards, lie
In rich profusion round the cottage neat,
Log-built; but Peace and Industry's retreat.
Here down green glades, the glittering streams descend;
Here loaded peach trees o'er the fences bend;
Deep flowery pastures clothe the steeps around,
Where herds repose, and playful coursers bound,
The groaning cider-press is busy heard,
The fowls loud cackling swarm about the yard,
The snowy geese harangue their numerous brood,
The flapping flail re-echoes through the wood,
And all around that meets the eye or ear,
Proclaims the power that spreads its influence here.
Hail Rural Industry, man's sturdiest friend,
To thee each virtue must with reverence bend,
To thee what heart denies spontaneous praise,
From gloomy woods such glorious scenes to raise!
Great giver of God's gifts to man below!
Through whose rough hand all human blessings flow,

† This detached mountain stands near the line which separates New-York from Pennsylvania, not far from the public road, is of a conical form, and may be between two and three hundred feet high.

Here, as in ancient and illustrious Rome,
May chiefs and heroes cheer thy humble home;
The wise, the brave, from public broils retreat,
To walk with heaven and thee through arbours sweet,
To share thy toils; thy little plans inspire,
And joke at night around thy glowing fire.
Still, near thy hut, upon the flowery green,
May Temperance, Hope, and Cheerfulness be seen,
Health, Plenty, Innocence, thy temples crown,
And Peace, each night, embosom thee in down,
And still, where'er thy humble roofs arise,
In northern climes, or under burning skies,
May guardian Liberty thy fields enclose,
Befriend thy friends and baffle all thy foes.
  Cheered with the rural sweets on every side,
Slow through this charming vale we gayly glide,
Delightful spot! from stormy winds secured,
By mountains sheltered and in wilds immured;
Still as we pass rich level fields appear;
Chemung's huge barns and fertile farms draw near,
How changed those scenes from what so late they were!
Ere Freedom's banners waved triumphant here!
While o'er our coasts a powerful foe prevailed,
Here from behind the savages assailed;
In bloody bands ransacked our weak frontier,
Fire, rapine, murder, marked their fell career.
Amid his corn the gasping planter fell,
Deep sunk the axe and direful rose the yell;
The midnight cottage, wrapt in sweet repose,
In flaming ruins with the morning rose;
There slaughtered corses, babes and fathers lay,
The naked mothers driven mid fiends away.
To thee, brave Sullivan! who scourged this crew,
Thy country's gratitude shall still be due;
And future ages on these summits rear
Honours to *him* who planted freedom here.
  We pause to mark amid this valley green
How changed the tenants, how improved the scene!
Where wretched wigwams late like kennels stood,
Where bark canoes stole skulking o'er the flood,
Where mangled prisoners groaned, and hatchets glared,
And blood-stained savages the fire prepar'd,

There glittering towns and villages extend,
There floating granaries in fleets descend,
There ploughmen chant, and mowers sweep the soil,
And taverns shine, and rosy damsels smile;
Thanks to the *brave*, who through these forests bore
Columbia's vengeance on the sons of gore;
Who drove them howling through th' affrighted waste,
Till British regions sheltered them at last.
Here, on the heights, where, suddenly array'd,
These hordes their last despairing effort made,
Where still the mouldering breastwork meets the view,
From whose defence as suddenly they flew,‡
Here, on th' approach of night, we lodgings found,
And buried all our toils in sleep profound.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Tribute to the memory of Anna Smedes.

Where twilight's sad and ling'ring ray,
With faint flush tints yon shad'wy hill;
The gravestone marks the tear-dew'd clay,
O'er which Affection muses still.

Enshrin'd within its bosom cold,
The corse of buried Anna lies;
Ne'er did sepulchral shroud infold,
A lovelier form, a fairer prize.

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‡ In this expedition against the hostile Indians, which was committed to the management of general Sullivan, and crowned with the most complete success, the only stand made by the savages was at this place, August 29th, 1799. After a short skirmish they were driven from this their last hold, and pursued beyond the Gennesee river. Forty of their towns, and upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels of Indian corn were destroyed. The remnant of the tribes took refuge in Canada; and thus an immense extent of the most fertile country of the United States was laid open to the enterprise of our active and industrious settlers. The white population of these parts of the State of New-York, settled since, may be fairly estimated at three times the number of all the Indians within five hundred miles of the place.

But what avails each polish'd grace?
An eye where sparkling glories dwell?
A seraph smile, or cherub face?
When solemn tolls the requiem knell.

Though Candor, Sweetness, Truth combine,
By Vestal purity refin'd;
Tho' beauty all its blushes join,
Chaste emblems of a richer mind.

Yet vain the magic these can boast,
In vain each charm to virtue dear;
The sweetest spell of youth is lost,
And Virtue wept o'er Anna's bier.

The spoiler came—ah! what avail'd
A gentle, kind, and gen'rous heart?
Relentless Death his prey assail'd;
No angel's arm repell'd the dart.

Vain prov'd a mother's soothing care,
Her streaming tears, her anguish wild;
In vain a father breath'd his pray'r,
To save a fond and fav'rite child.

The spirit fled its fragile frame,
Her tomb the mourning cypress shades:
Thus droops the laurel wreath of fame,
And thus the rose of beauty fades.

Serene within the peaceful urn,
She sleeps from worldly cares at rest:
Ne'er did a purer soul return,
To bloom upon a Saviour's breast.

When ling'ring pains her bosom tore,
Resign'd she kiss'd the chast'ning rod;
Each mortal pang with meekness bore,
And smil'd, in death, to meet her God.

E.

New-York, 24th June, 1809.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To Miss ———

TOUCH not again thy sacred lyre,
Forbear that melting hallow'd strain;
'Twill reillume my bosom's fire,
'Twill wake my heart to feel again:
That heart which once, with youthful glow,
Felt all that love could ever know.

Impassion'd thought and joy were there,
And mazy Hope's enchanting dream;
But Hope was frighten'd at Despair,
And with her fled the lovely theme:
What then my wretched breast befel,
O Memory! forbear to tell.

Now cold that heart, to passion dead,
No longer fires my lukewarm mind;
Its pangs, its pleasures, all have fled,
And left a dizzy dream behind:
Alike reliev'd from joy and care,
Vibration only flutters there.

Then rouse it not with heav'nly sound,
Forbear that melting hallow'd strain;
To wake my bosom is to wound,—
O wound it not to die again:
For he whose vernal hour is o'er,
Must fly from love's enchanting shore.

———

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MOONLIGHT.

THERE is a bland and pensive hour,
Endearing, soothing is its power,
'Tis when the sun
Has shed his fading, ling'ring rays,
And when the doubtful light betrays
That day is done.

'Tis when Cynthia's rising beam,
Sheds on lake or rippling stream
Her silver gleams,
When some pale lover, wand'ring far,
Seeks the bright Hesperian star,
In fancy's dreams:

'Tis when the rais'd romantic mind,
To peace, to love, to heaven resigned,
Loves to repair
To some wild fragrant myrtle cove,
And there in contemplation rove
Released from care.

'Tis when the fairy orb, serene,
Divinely blends each rural scene
Of hill and dale,
When by the heav'nly visioned light,
From perfum'd spray, the bird of night
Descants his tale.

'Tis when the grief-worn pilgrim hies
To commune with his kindred skies
To seek relief
In pious pray'r— and fancy tells
That there the form regretted dwells,
Releas'd from grief.

'Tis when the sentient, wounded heart,
Pierced by Slander's keenest dart,
O'erwhelmed with woes,
Flies from the busy haunts of men,
Eager t' escape their vulgar ken,
And seek repose.

'Tis that blest hour when lovers stray
To taste those joys that shun the day,
Congenial hour,
When timid maids their lovers bless,
When by this light they first confess
Love's gentle power.

'Tis when the poet, Passion's child,
In Fancy's world now wanders wild,

With soul on fire,
The strain of epic praise prolongs,
Or tunes to melancholy songs
His pensive lyre.

'Tis when, as fabled poets say,
The woodland fairies, sylph or fay,
Weave their light dance,
And revel all the live-long night,
But vanish at the earliest light
Of morning's glance.

'Tis when, as Superstition says,
The soul departed oft betrays
Some secret crime,
Holds converse with its mutual heart,
Or leaves Elysium to impart
Some truth sublime.

Oh, still I love thy tranquil light,
Nor noontide sun, nor morning bright,
With thee compare,
For e'en when sorrow swells my breast,
Thy beams can sooth my soul to rest,
Sweet orb! most fair.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

Written in a volume of Pratt's Gleanings.

TROTH, master Pratt, I've toil'd, in vain,
Through these same "Gleanings" more than half;
And quit them:—for there's little grain,
But, zooks! a nation deal of chaff.

VARIETY.

THE celebrated Constantina Philips, one of the most fascinating courtezans of the age, the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other, after witnessing the decline of her charms, the perfidy of mankind, and the malice of fortune, died miserably at Kingston in the island of Jamaica, without a single friend to attend her to the grave! What an instructive lesson to imprudent beauty!

—

THE following statement may be profitably perused by the managers of some of our American theatres, which to the confusion of the audience, and the disgrace of the comedians, are most pitifully and penuriously lighted up.

On the opening of Drury Lane Theatre in the year 1765, the audience were agreeably surprised to see the stage illuminated in a clear and strong manner, without the assistance of the rings, hitherto used for that purpose. This is done by the disposition of lights behind the scenes, which cast a reflection forwards, exactly resembling sunshine, greatly to the advantage of the performers, but more to that of the spectators, who have now no longer the air they breathe tainted with the noxious smoke of between two and three hundred candles, nor their sight obstructed by them and the rings supporting them. The French theatre has been long illuminated without those offensive rings, though not to that perfection attained by Mr. Garrick, who, however, is supposed to have taken the first hint from it.

—

Lord Henry Poulet, says a necrologist, was a captain in the British navy, but whose exploits, while in that service, did not entitle him to rank with our naval heroes. He was at the siege of Carthagena in South America, in 1743, where SMOLLET has consigned his memory to posterity though not in the most flattering colours. He is the *captain Whiffle* of Roderick Random. The ridiculous republican doctor in Peregrine Pickle was unquestionably *Akenside*, whose factious sentiments and conversation fully justified the accuracy of Smollet's sketch.

—

Thomas Campbell, who has immortalized himself by his beautiful poem, The Pleasures of Hope, has lately produced Gertrude of Wyoming, which the reviewers rank with Thomson's Castle of Indolence, and Spenser's Fairy Queen. They conclude their eulogium in the following style, which must undoubtedly animate an ambitious author.

We close this volume with feelings of regret for its shortness, and of admiration for the genius of its author. There are but two noble

sorts of poetry; and we think he has given very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both. There is something too, we will venture to say, in the style of many of his conceptions, which irresistibly impresses us with the conviction, that he can do much greater things than he has hitherto accomplished; and leads us to regard him, even yet, as a poet of still greater promise than performance. It seems to us, as if the natural force and boldness of his ideas were habitually checked by a certain fastidious timidity, and an anxiety about the minor graces of correct and chastened composition. Certain it is, at least, that his greatest and most lofty flights have been made in those smaller pieces, about which it is natural to think he must have felt least solicitude; and that he has succeeded most splendidly where he must have been most free from the fear of failure. We wish any praises or exhortations of ours had the power to give him confidence in his own great talents; and hope earnestly, that he will now meet with such encouragement, as may set him above all restraints that proceed from apprehension; and induce him to give free scope to that genius, of which we are persuaded that the world has hitherto seen rather the grace than the richness.

—

North and South Wales, Switzerland and Scotland, are justly described by a majority of travellers, as remarkably *cheap* countries. An interesting section of France, according to the report of a recent tourist, rivals the above regions in this particular so completely, that an economist, living upon a moderate annuity, ought to make Tours his *domicile*.

Tours is justly called the garden of France, from the mildness of the climate and from the fertility of the soil. Tasso has very well described Touraine and its inhabitants, in the two following beautiful lines:

La terra molle, lieta, e dilettosa
Simili a sè gli abitator produce.

Indeed the abundance of all the productions of the earth, the excellency of its fruits, its richness in corn, wines, cattle, game, and poultry, present a view of prosperity, which inspires, no doubt, the inhabitants, with that natural cheerfulness, which is displayed in every countenance. The better to support this opinion, I shall only say that being desirous to know, with precision, the expense of living at Tours, I gave a dinner to two friends, and I calculated the expense. We had soup and *boulli*, a course consisting of *perdris aux choux*, a hare, a roasted fowl, with vegetables, a plentiful desert of the best fruits in Europe, and two bottles of excellent wine. The whole cost me *five shillings* English! twenty years have elapsed since, and, in spite of

all the miseries of the French revolution, every thing has remained there in exactly the same state, which is owing to that province being in the centre of France, and not subject to the changes and calamities which have desolated the frontiers. I should add that I had an apartment of seven rooms on a floor, properly furnished, two rooms for servants, and a kitchen, at twenty-five louis, for six months.

—

A COLLEGE recluse, in that hermitage, his cloister, studious to be *married* only to *immortal verse*, and striving to suppress the warmer sensibilities of his soul, thus fervently expresses his creed of celibacy.

"I shall never, never marry. It cannot, must not be. As to affections, mine are engaged as much as they will ever be, and this is one reason why I believe my life will be a life of celibacy. I pray to God that it may be so, and that I may be happy in that state. I love too ardently to make love innocent, and therefore I say farewell to it. Besides, I have another inducement; I cannot introduce a woman into poverty for my love's sake, nor could I well bear to see such a one as I must marry, struggling with narrow circumstances, and sighing for the fortunes of her children! No, I say forbear! and may the example of St. Paul, of St. Gregory, of Nazianzen, and St. Basil support me."

As the ladies will deem the above little better than heresy, by way of atonement we copy from the same writer, the following animated eulogium upon marriage and its multiplied blessings.

"I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how indeed should it be otherwise. A man cannot cook his dinner, while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *helluones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you, after the toils of the day with cheerfulness and smiles, and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject, who would not be poetical? A wife! a domestic fireside! the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness. It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster! and if with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero* still avoid the *inepta copula*, still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman, why then you deserve to be a Fellow of a College all your days; to be kicked about in your last illness by a saucy bed maker; and lastly to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor."

THE following hint may prove very salutary to juvenile students, who are too impatient to sit long with nothing before them but *the tough meat* of literature.

"In reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement. I thirst after knowledge, and though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading a useful book. The plan which I pursued in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books was this, to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus *one hour* every day: the book insensibly by this means becomes pleasing to you; and even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret."

—

Among the poems of White, England's second Chatterton, we find the following, written when he was a mere boy. Few productions of a maturer age have more merit. The interest which this little poem excites in every breast of sensibility is greatly heightened by the plaintive air which the *invalid* bard, prescient of his early doom, has given to his mournful thoughts.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

I.

Sweet scented flower, who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintery desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

II.

Come, funeral flower, who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a Care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

III.

And hark! the wind god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead.
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrant thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

MORTUARY.

Died, on the 10th of January last, on his passage from Charleston, (S. C.) to the Bahama islands, for the benefit of his health, Dr. JOHN SHAW, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Baltimore, aged 31 years. To the most exalted mental attainments Dr. Shaw united every social virtue. His widow, oppressed with accumulated wo, an aged parent, and affectionate brothers and sisters, have to deplore his early fate; but the recollection of his excellent virtues will mitigate the severity of their suffering, and reconcile them to the Divine will, in the full confidence that he now enjoys that reward promised to the just. It is a feeble tribute paid to the memory of this beloved and accomplished man to say, that in him society has lost a valuable member, the Profession of medicine a splendid ornament, science a successful votary, virtue and religion a zealous friend and supporter.

"Nor farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

The price of The Port Folio is six dollars per annum.

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